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COLOR CLASSICS

OUR WORST STUFF IN
SICKENING COLOR

INSIDE —
OUR SPOOF OF
2001:
A SPACE
ODYSSEY

COLOR CLASSICS #4 SEPTEMBER 2001 \$3.99 CHEAP!



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UNITED STATES

EARTHWORM JIM



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MAD

COLOR CLASSICS #4

SEPTEMBER 2001



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FRONT COVER ARTIST: Richard Williams

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SLAB-SCHTICK-COMEDY DEPT

If you've seen it, you'll know exactly what we're talking about! And
If you haven't seen it, rest assured that we've just saved you from



201 MIN. OF A SPA

THE DAWN OF MAN

Excuse me—Are you Maurice Evans?

... Nope!

Then you must be Roddy McDowell?

... Nope!

Don't tell me you're Kim Hunter!

... Nope!

Isn't this "PLANET OF THE APES"?

No, this is "201 MIN. OF A SPACE IDIOCY"!

But why not work here with us and then go over and work on "PLANET OF THE APES"?

Oh, boy! Two jobs in one year! That's enough to drive me Man! What do I do?

Act bored!

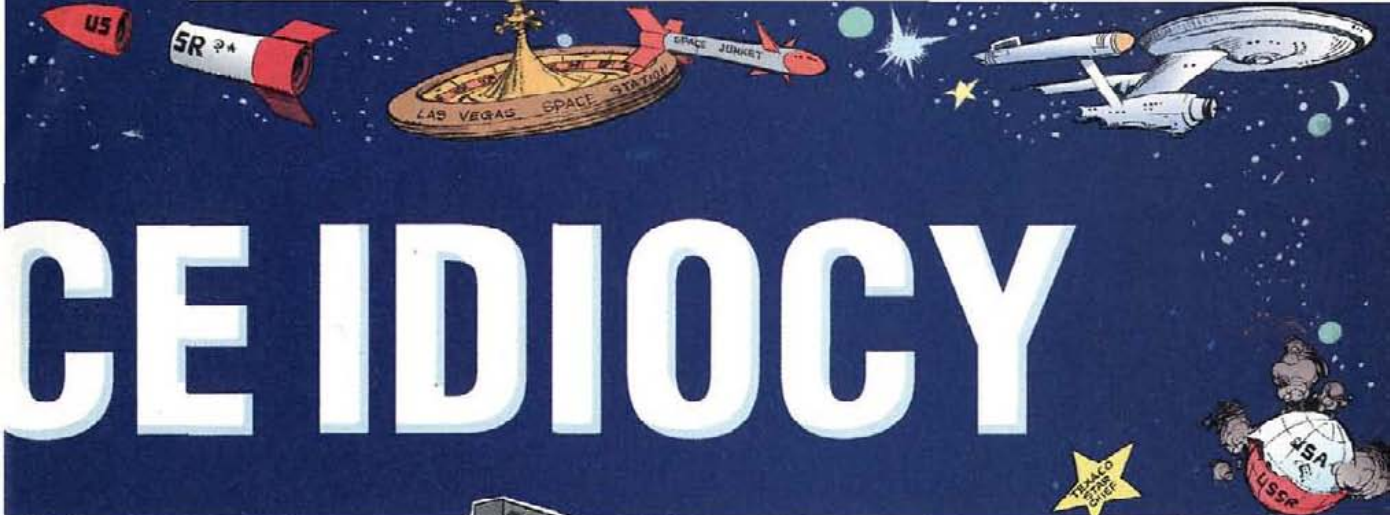
That's a snap! And with this script, it's not even an act!

And keep your eye out for a mysterious big black thing that will excite us and make us want to do intelligent things!



ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

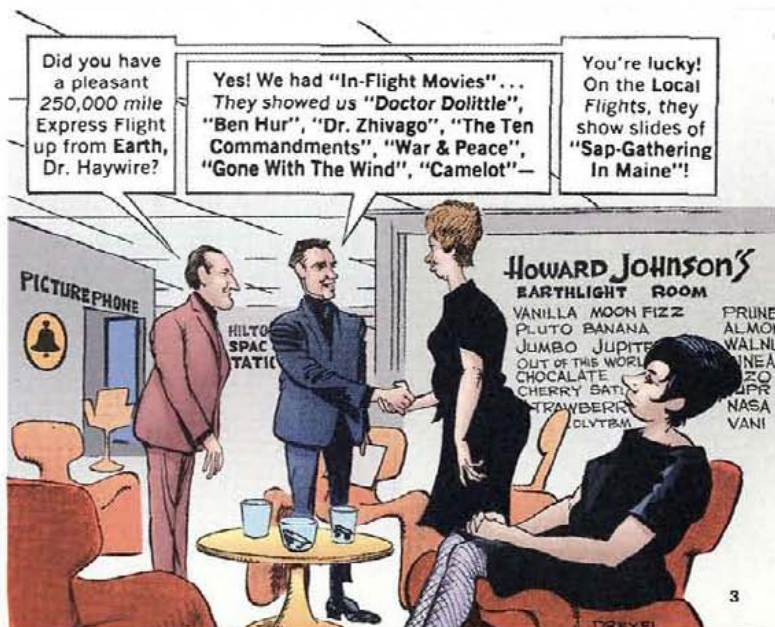
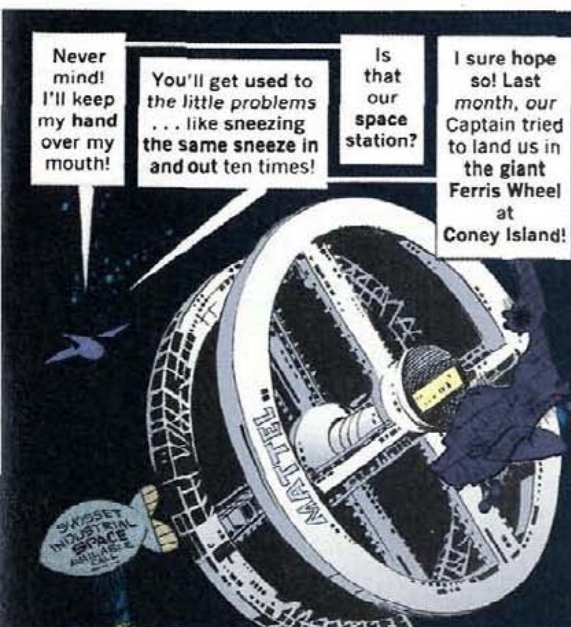




CE IDIOCY



WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO



Dr. Haywire, just what IS really going on at Habeas Corpus Station? Rumor has it that there's a deadly flu epidemic!

I'm afraid I can't say anything, Dr. Smyles! I cannot tell you whether there is a deadly epidemic, or if that's just a cover-up for a story so shocking—so unbelievable—so bizarre that the public will have to be braced before it can be told about the frightening discovery!

You always did have tight lips, Doctor!

If you'll excuse me now, I have to telephone my wife. She'll want to know about the 2-million-year-old Black Monolith we found which no one has been able to identify!

Very well. But if you change your mind and care to tell me anything, I'd be very interested!

What do you mean, you lost my set of matched lightweight Samsonite luggage—and it's 4 years till the next flight arrives?!



Hi, Honey! I thought I would surprise you and Video-Phone ...

W-why, Sweetie! This IS a surprise! I was just telling the milkman here that you won't be home for a while, and to take back a quart!

Well, I just wanted to know you're okay!

I'm fine. On the way home from the moon, will you pick up a loaf of bread, Dear?

I will! Bye, now! I've got a secret meeting to go to!

Goodbye, Dear!

Bye, Doc! Give our regards to the Monolith!

Operator, what were the charges for that call?

Deposit \$17,500 for the first three minutes, plus 10¢ for the overtime!



Members of Space Station Habeas Corpus—First, I want to congratulate you on the fabulous job you did—spreading that rumor about the flu epidemic here. It's been a great cover-up for the discovery of the Monolith. By the way, where is Doctor Ryan and Professor Woodhull ...?

They both died—of acute flu rumors!

Now, that's what I call sticking to a story!



Well ... there it is, Dr. Haywire! What do you think?

Boy, that's a Black Monolith if ever I saw a Black Monolith!

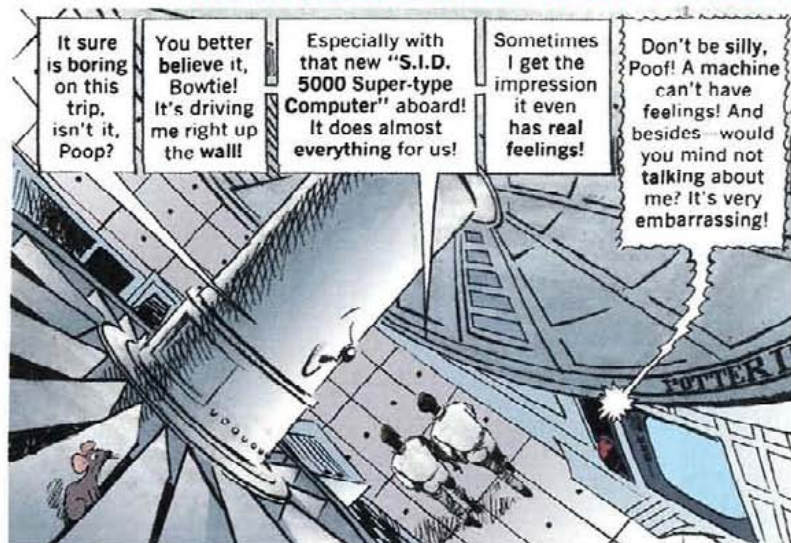
It was buried nearly 2 million years ago!

How do you know that?

By checking the molecular structure, the magnetic output, the cobalt oxide content, and mainly the date ... which happens to be stamped on the back!



ON BOARD "MISADVENTURE I"—THE JUPITER MISSION—SEVERAL MOONS LATER



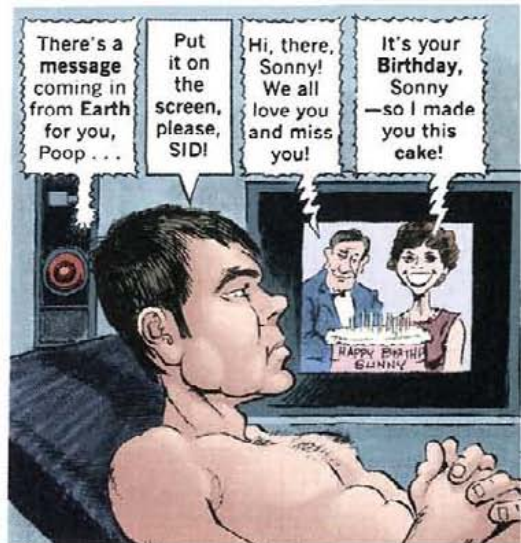
It sure is boring on this trip, isn't it, Poop?

You better believe it, Bowtie! It's driving me right up the wall!

Especially with that new "S.I.D. 5000 Super-type Computer" aboard! It does almost everything for us!

Sometimes I get the impression it even has real feelings!

Don't be silly, Poop! A machine can't have feelings! And besides—would you mind not talking about me? It's very embarrassing!



There's a message coming in from Earth for you, Poop...

Put it on the screen, please, SID!

Hi, there, Sonny! We all love you and miss you!

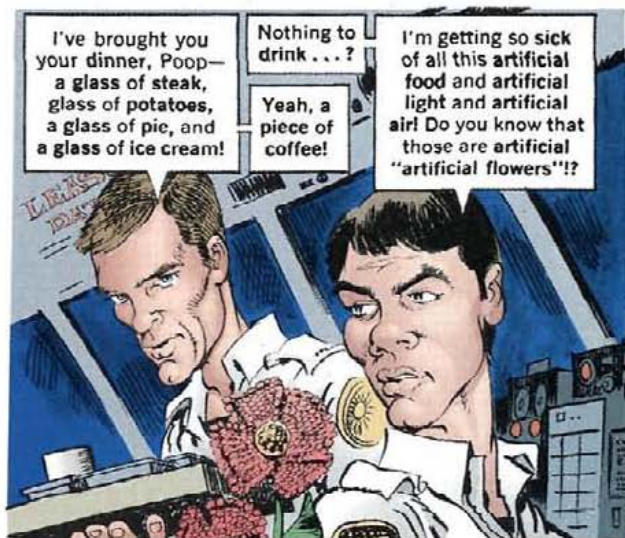
It's your Birthday, Sonny—so I made you this cake!



Happy birthday to you... Happy birthday, dear Son—
CLICK!

What happened, SID? The sound went off and the screen went blank?

Just doing my job! I'm programmed to keep you men from getting nauseous, and I calculated you'd about reached your limit!

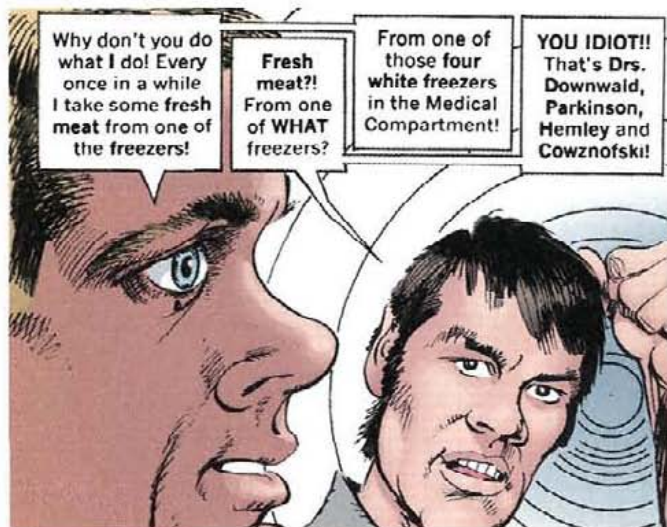


I've brought you your dinner, Poop—a glass of steak, glass of potatoes, a glass of pie, and a glass of ice cream!

Nothing to drink...?

Yeah, a piece of coffee!

I'm getting so sick of all this artificial food and artificial light and artificial air! Do you know that those are artificial "artificial flowers"!!?

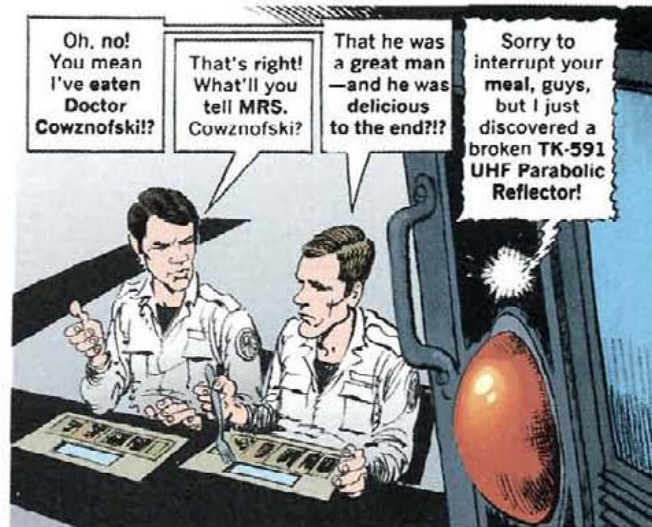


Why don't you do what I do! Every once in a while I take some fresh meat from one of the freezers!

Fresh meat?! From one of WHAT freezers?

From one of those four white freezers in the Medical Compartment!

YOU IDIOT!! That's Drs. Downwald, Parkinson, Hemley and Cowznofski!



Oh, no! You mean I've eaten Doctor Cowznofski!?

That's right! What'll you tell MRS. Cowznofski?

That he was a great man—and he was delicious to the end!?!?

Sorry to interrupt your meal, guys, but I just discovered a broken TK-591 UHF Parabolic Reflector!

A b-broken reflector! What should we do, SID?

By God, it's a comfort to have a life-saving device like a computer on board!

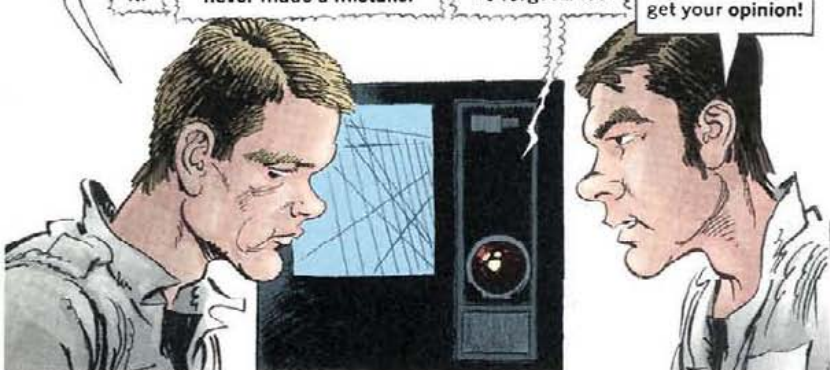
YOU'RE an S.I.D. 5000 Computer!!

Er—Bowtie, how about coming down to my Pod for a minute! I want to put up new drapes and I'd like to get your opinion!

Er—uh—Well, we never make any mistakes... but we forget a lot!

Thanks, boys! You know an S.I.D. 8000 Computer has never made a mistake!

Fix it!



What's going on, Poop? These old drapes are just fine...!

SHHH! Wait—SID, shut the door!

Okay, Poop! Now shut the TV system!

Right, Poop! Now shut your ears!

So you can talk about me behind my back?! Nothing doing!!



It's your birthday soon, and there are some things we CAN'T talk about in front of you, SID! C'mon—shut your ears!

That's right! It's... it's my birthday, soon! I'm—I'm gonna be seven!

Four!

Oh, yeah! Four! I forgot!

Okay, guys! I'll shut my ears!

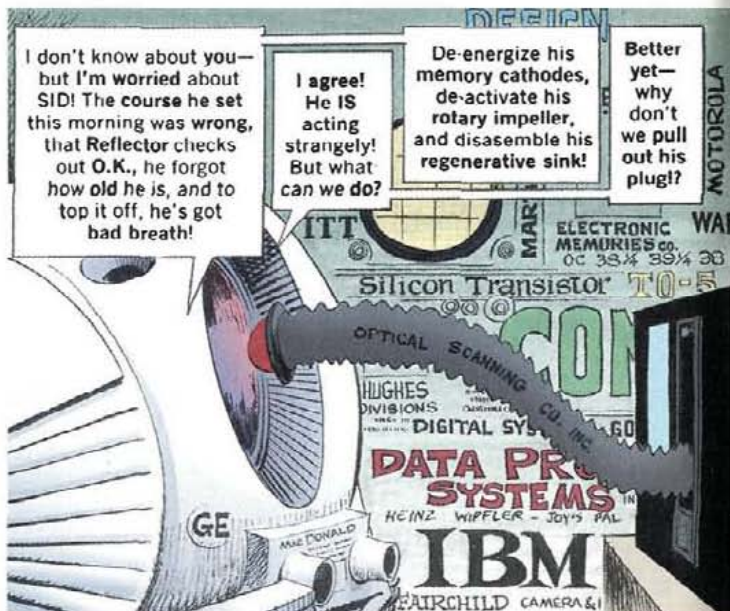


I don't know about you—but I'm worried about SID! The course he set this morning was wrong, that Reflector checks out O.K., he forgot how old he is, and to top it off, he's got bad breath!

I agree! He IS acting strangely! But what can we do?

De-energize his memory cathodes, de-activate his rotary impeller, and disassemble his regenerative sink!

Better yet—why don't we pull out his plug?



Poop, you keep SID occupied so I can get to his plug!

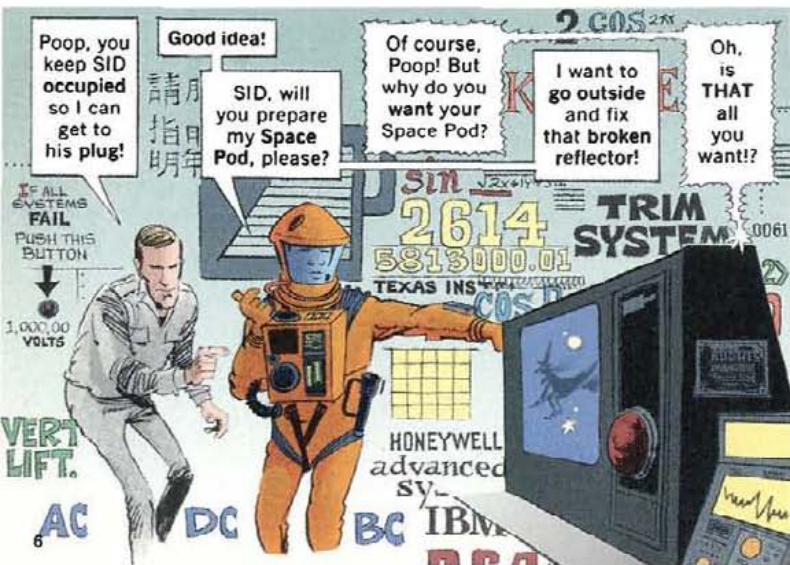
Good idea!

SID, will you prepare my Space Pod, please?

Of course, Poop! But why do you want your Space Pod?

I want to go outside and fix that broken reflector!

Oh, is THAT all you want!?

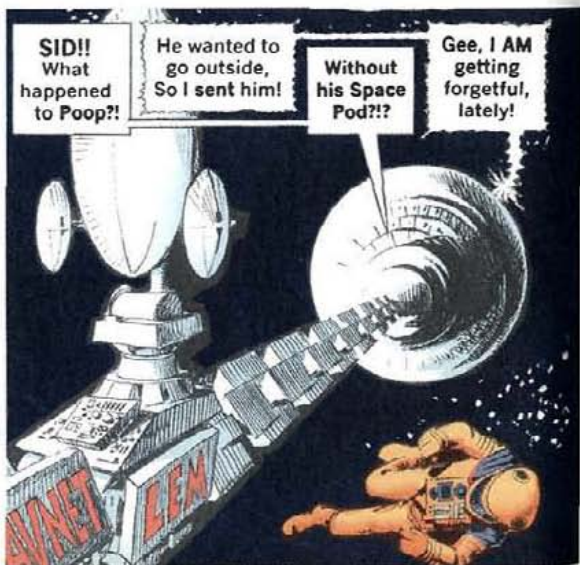


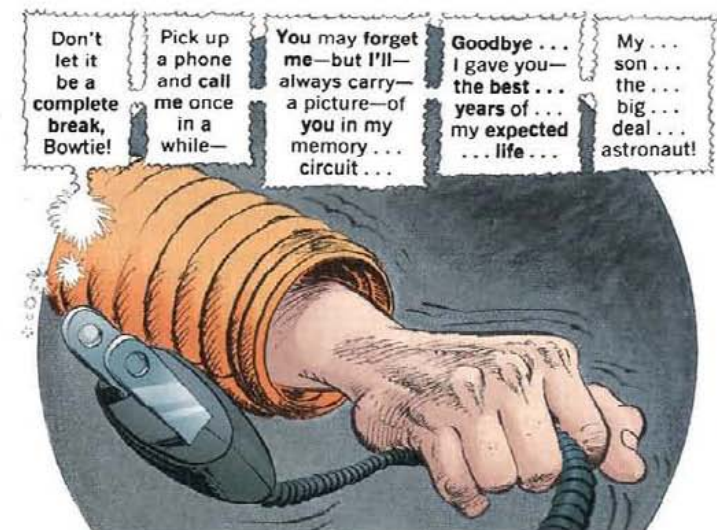
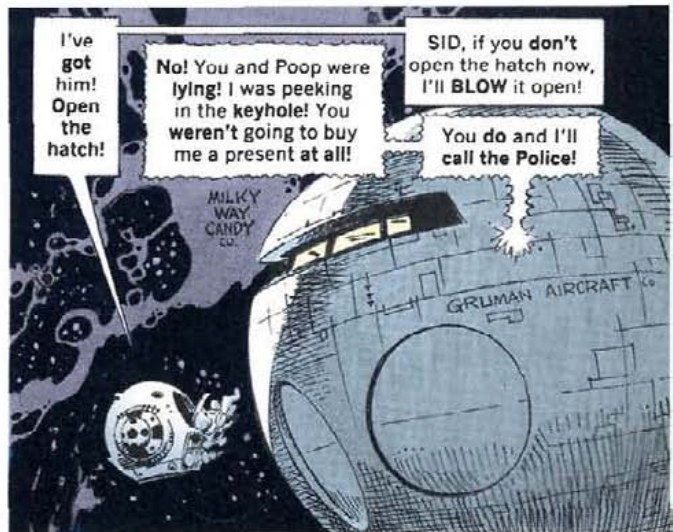
SID!! What happened to Poop?!

He wanted to go outside, So I sent him!

Without his Space Pod???

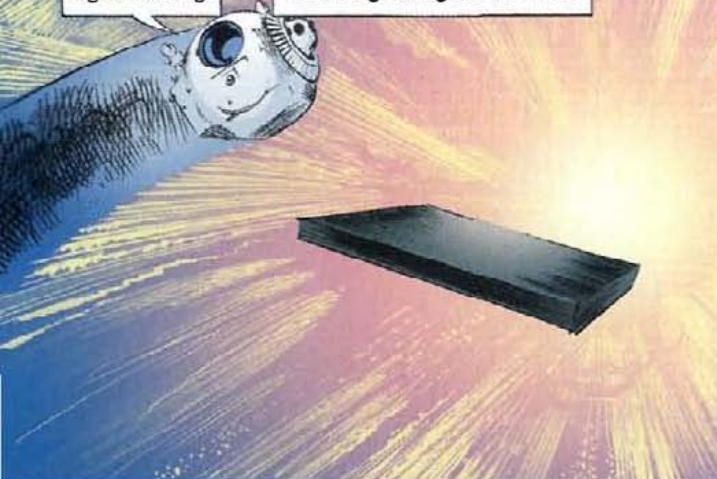
Gee, I AM getting forgetful, lately!





Boy! What fun—
follow that
big black thing!

Too bad the movie audience isn't
having as much fun following the
confusing ending to this movie!



WOW! What
a fantastic
psychedelic
display!!

What did you expect . . . ?!
You just crashed through
the brand new 105-story
"Jupiter Museum of Op Art"!



This room!! It's so . . . so
strange! It's not MY room,
I know . . . because there
are no socks or shirts or
underwear lying around!!

And that man over there—eating!! Why, that's
ME!! Only I'm much older!! It's so strange
to see me like that, because I see something
about myself I never knew! That one day, I'm
finally going to LIKE Creamed Cauliflower!!



And that other man . . . in bed, there!
That's ME again, only much much older!
And I'm . . . I'm dying!! Good Lord, I'm
dying TWICE!! Once in that bed . . . and
once in this boring, confused movie!!



ARMSTRONG COOK FILE

And YOU, you big
black Monolith,
you! Before I die
altogether, please
tell me . . . exactly
what ARE you, anyway!

Gee, I
thought
you'd
never
ask . . .

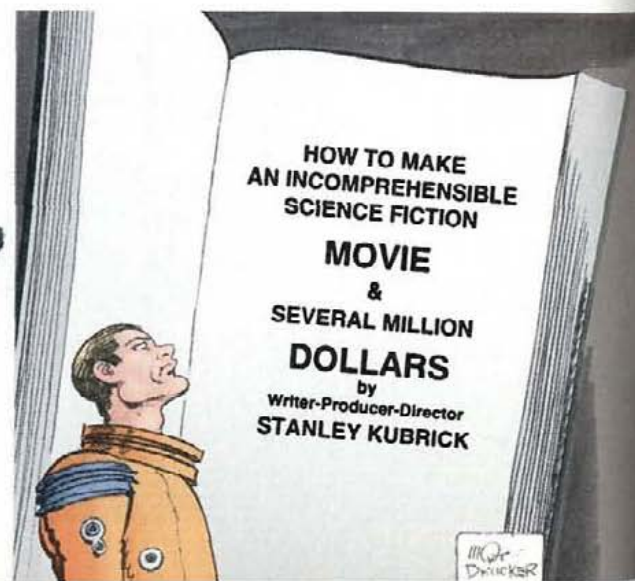
People touch me, and
dance around me, and
wonder about me, and
take movies of me . . .
but no one ever asks!!

Are you
ready—?

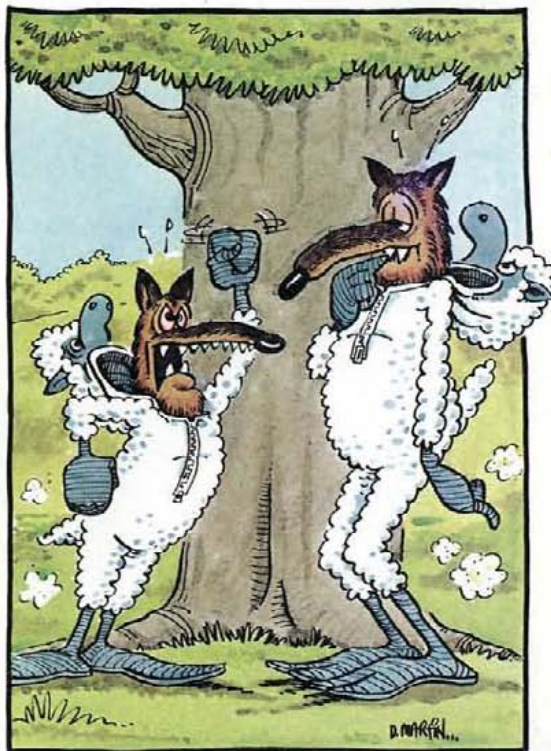
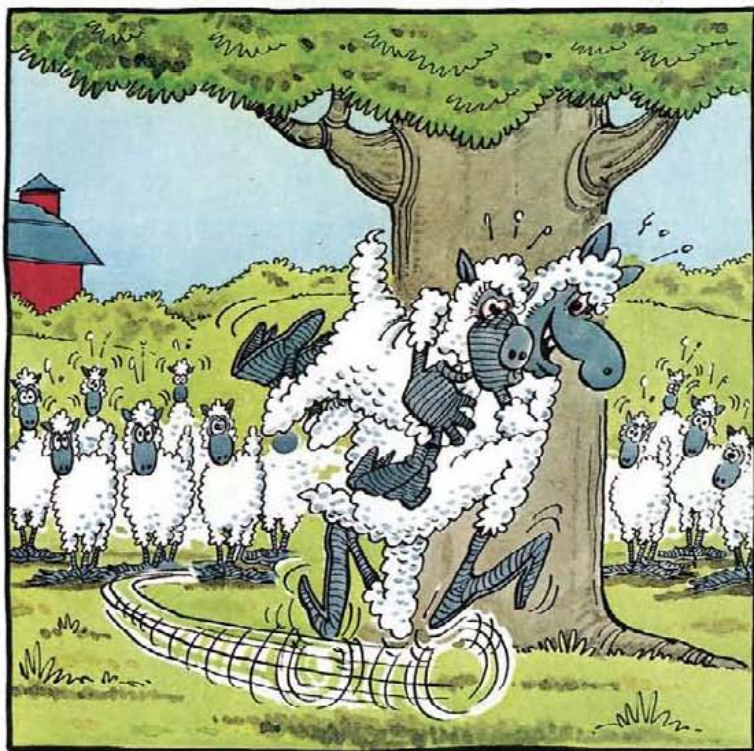
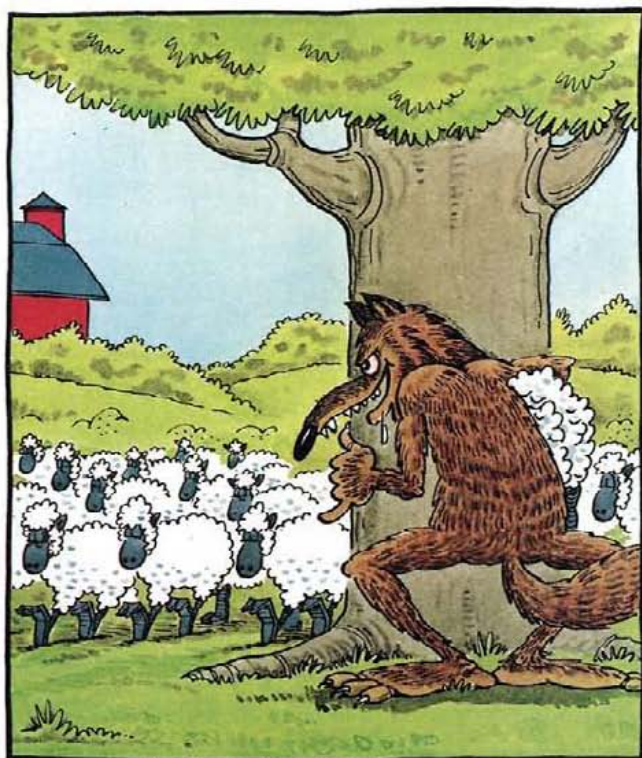
I'M A
BOOK!!



HOW TO MAKE
AN INCOMPREHENSIBLE
SCIENCE FICTION
MOVIE
&
SEVERAL MILLION
DOLLARS
by
Writer-Producer-Director
STANLEY KUBRICK



ONE THURSDAY AFTERNOON AT THE EDGE OF A MEADOW



WE ALL HAVE OUR BLUE CROSS TO BEAR DEPT.

While the bozos in Washington D.C. continue prattling over health care reform, more and more Americans are turning to the wonderful world of the Health Maintenance Organizations (HMOs). You know, those little companies that enable people to get somewhat adequate medical help for cheaper prices. (But you remember what your mom said about getting what you pay for, right?) With the market flooded with these organizations it can be an ordeal just choosing one, so here's MAD's sure-fire way...

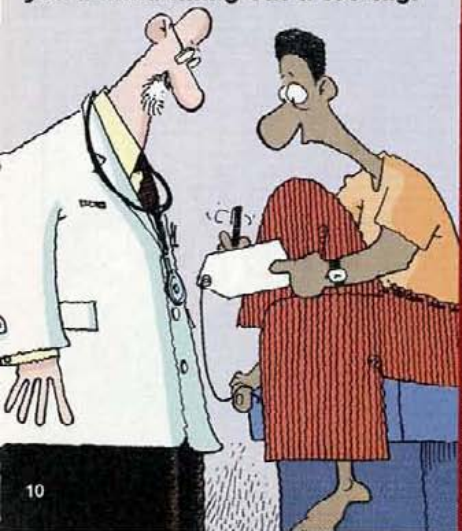
HOW TO TELL IF YOU'VE SELECTED A BAD HMO

ARTIST AND WRITER: JOHN CALDWELL

You're the only human waiting to be treated.



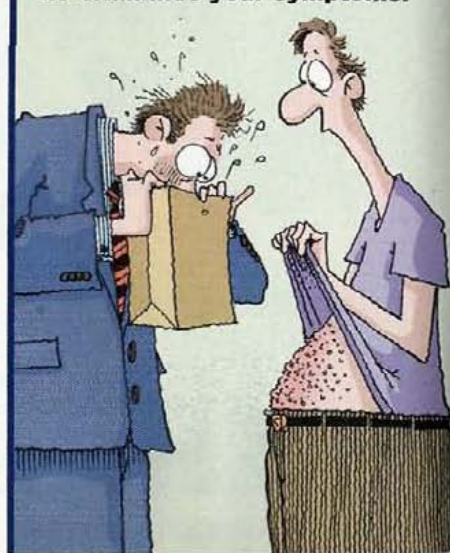
Prior to a minor surgical procedure, the doctor asks if you'd mind filling out a toe tag.



The dental coverage only includes spinach removal.



The doctor loses it every time he examines your symptoms.



Every time the doctor writes a prescription, he brags, "I used to feed these to Elvis like they were M&Ms."



The clinic has a drive-in window service.



The doctor makes a habit of calling in his cousin, the janitor, on consultations.



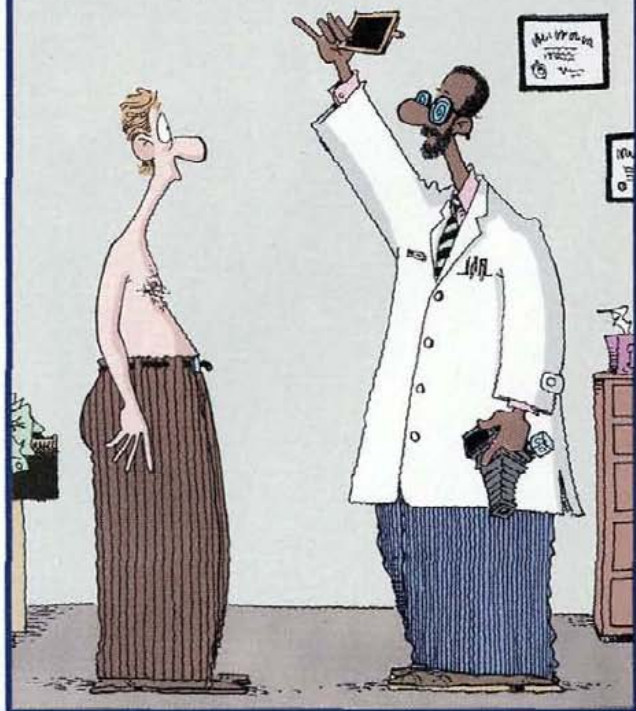
Your doctor elects to treat a suspicious lump in your hat.



The doctor's techniques are not exactly "state of the art."



Your chest examination consists of your doctor holding a polaroid of your chest up to a light while wearing magic x-ray specs.



A MAD LOOK AT...

AIR TRA



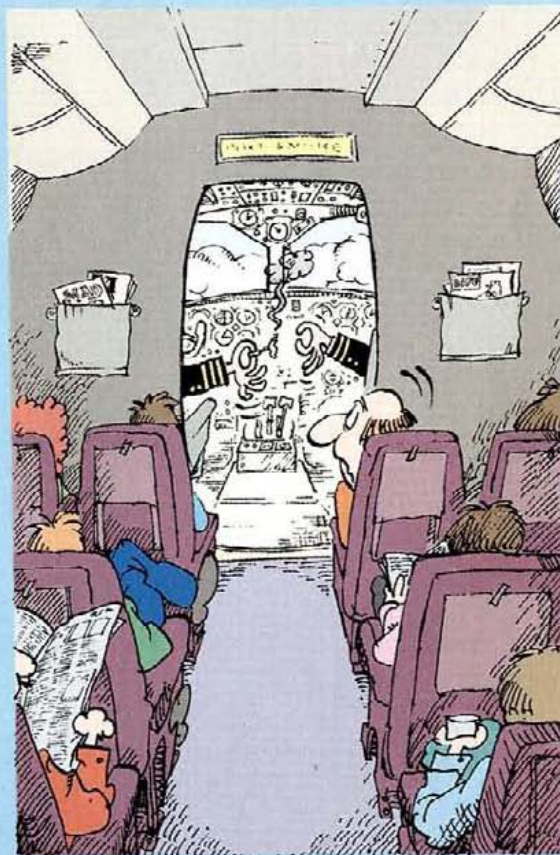
VEL

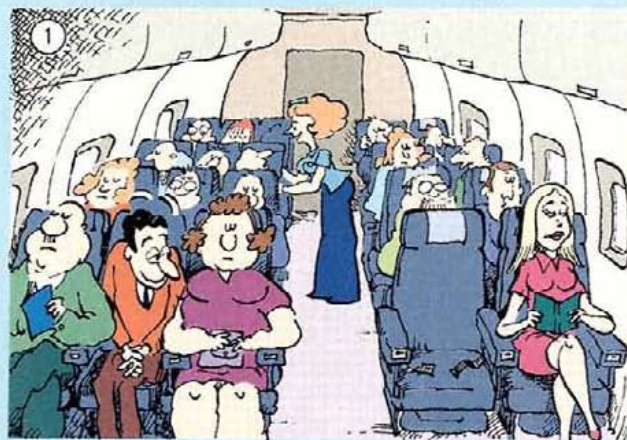


ARTIST & WRITER: SERGIO ARAGONES







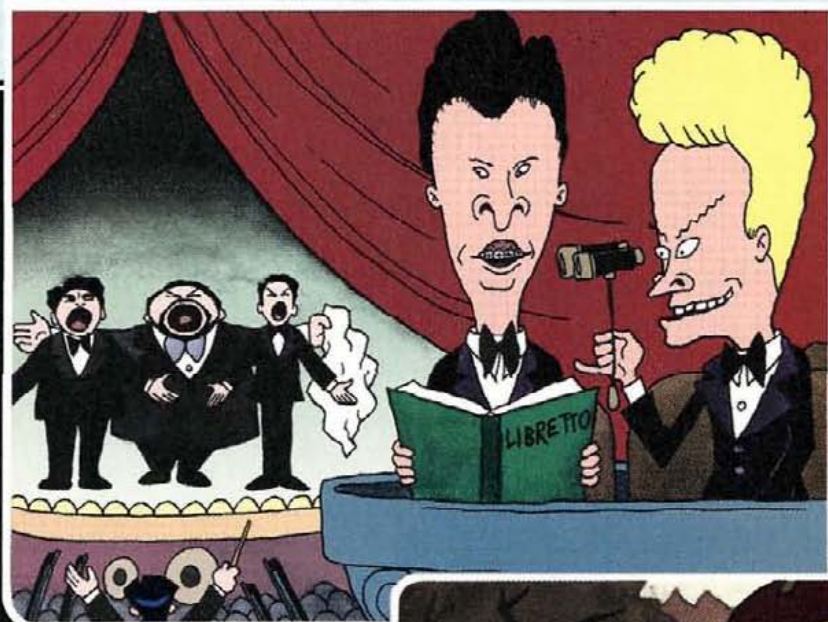


One of the hottest trends in collectibles is the world of animation! Cartoons are created by drawing individual "cels" at a rate of 24 per second! Collectors love these pictures because every drawing is just a little different than any other. But wait a minute — how different are they really? Aren't there hundreds of Bugs Bunny eating a carrot, of Scooby-Doo running from a ghost, of the Little Mermaid swimming? It's obvious that if you want to do this collecting thing properly, you have to look for those unique, one-of-a-kind items that truly stand out. And a good place to start is with this buyers' guide to . . .

The 11 Rarest ANIMATION CELLS on the Market

ARTIST: SAM VIVIANO

WRITER: DESMOND DEVLIN

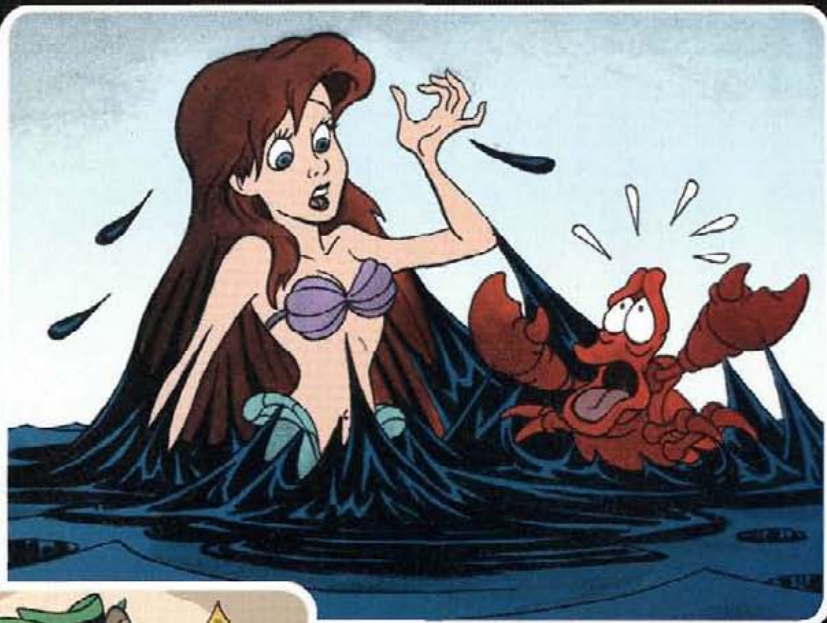


**Beavis and
Butt-Head
Enjoying
Opening Night
at the Opera**

**Elmer J. Fudd,
NRA Member
Since 1940**



**Ariel and
Sebastian
Never
Making It
Out of
Exxon
Territory**



**Yogi and
Boo-Boo
Finally Push
the Ranger
Too Far**

**What
the Police
Found, After
Jane Jetson
“Didn’t Stop
That Crazy
Thing”**



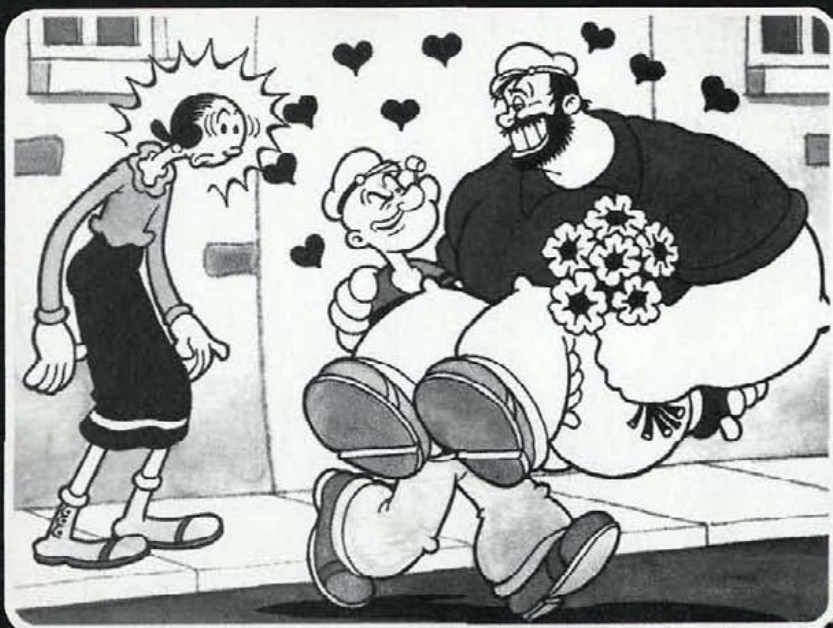


**Snow White,
Dwarf-Tossing**

**Fred Flintstone
Trying To Revive
the Passion in His
Relationship
with Wilma
By Using
a Stone Age
“Marital Aid”**



**Pepé Le Pew
Being Slapped
with a
Class-Action
Sexual
Harassment
Suit**



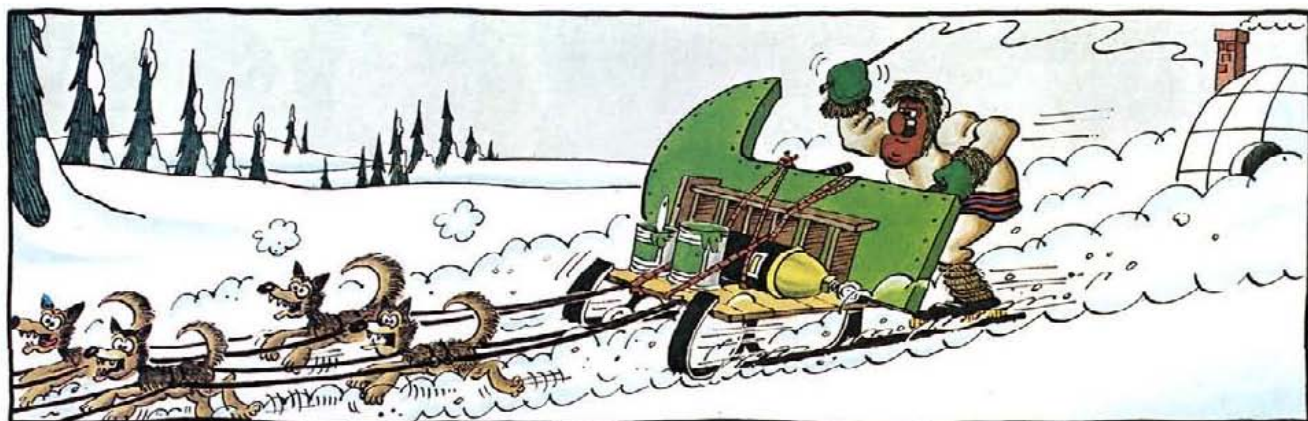
**Popeye and Bluto
Stop Fighting
Over Olive Oyl**

**The Master,
Realizing
He Has to
Clean Up
After 101
Disgusting
Dalmations**



**Beast
Grooming
Himself for
the Big Date
with Belle**

ONE DAY IN ALASKA



It is commonly accepted among ignoramuses everywhere that humankind forever moves forward in the name of "progress." But what is "progress" anyway, huh? Personal computers? Not when you consider carpal tunnel syndrome. ATM's? Not when you consider everyone who's been held-up at gun point at 24-hour banking centers. Nuclear energy? You must be joking! Now some creep named Nekpar can build a bomb in his backyard and blow up the entire Western Hemisphere! Our point is simple: for every "progressive" action there is a disastrous reaction. Yes, we pay a heavy price indeed for "progress." And to belabor this point senselessly, here's...

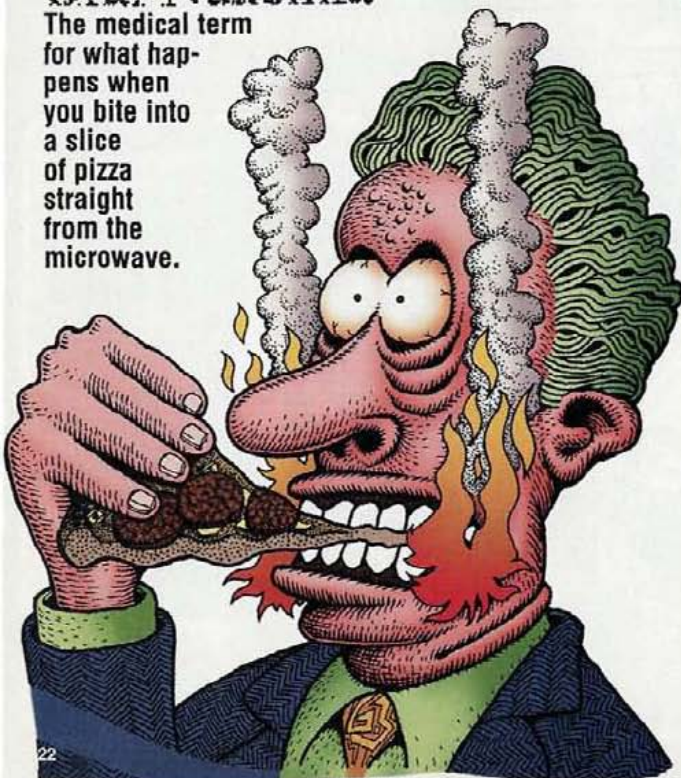
AILMENTS OF MODERN TECHNOLOGY

ARTIST: MONTE WOLVERTON

WRITER: DAVID CONNOR

Oral Nukemia

The medical term for what happens when you bite into a slice of pizza straight from the microwave.



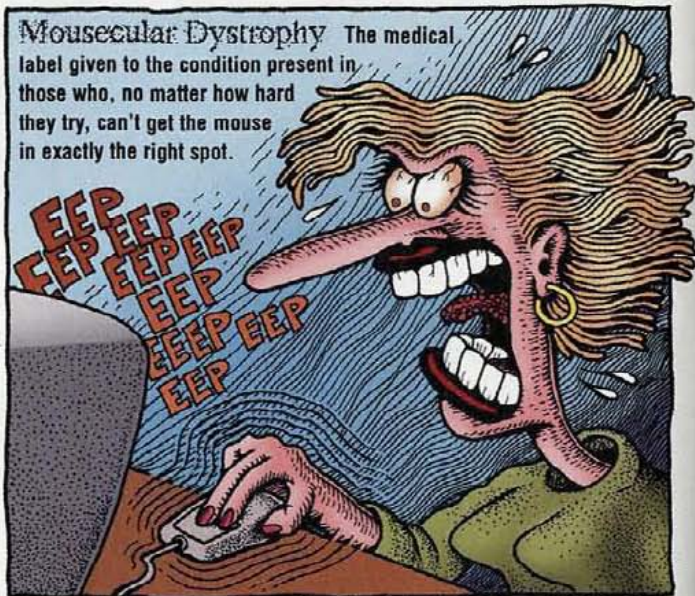
Clicker Separation Anxiety A condition with symptoms ranging from feelings of helplessness to finger spasms brought on by watching TV while someone other than yourself holds the remote control.



Lap-rotomy The process of reopening your laptop after you have pinched a roll of fat in it.



Mousecular Dystrophy The medical label given to the condition present in those who, no matter how hard they try, can't get the mouse in exactly the right spot.



THIS LOUSY MACHINE IS A **DIRTY CROOK!** IT DIDN'T GI'ME ANY CANDY, AND IT DIDN'T RETURN MY **MONEY!**

GOOD! Candy is bad for you! It's mostly sugar, and gives you very little nutrition ... except for a short quick burst of energy!

In that case, I'll try this other machine!

Boy, you're a glutton for punishment! You never learn, do you?!

I do too!

I **NEED** A SHORT QUICK BURST OF ENERGY ... BECAUSE I'M GONNA **KICK THE HELL OUT** OF THAT **FIRST MACHINE!!**



BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

THE LIGHTER
SIDE OF...

OVER-

Are you having another sleepless night?!

Yeah! I'm so darn angry, I've got insomnia again!!

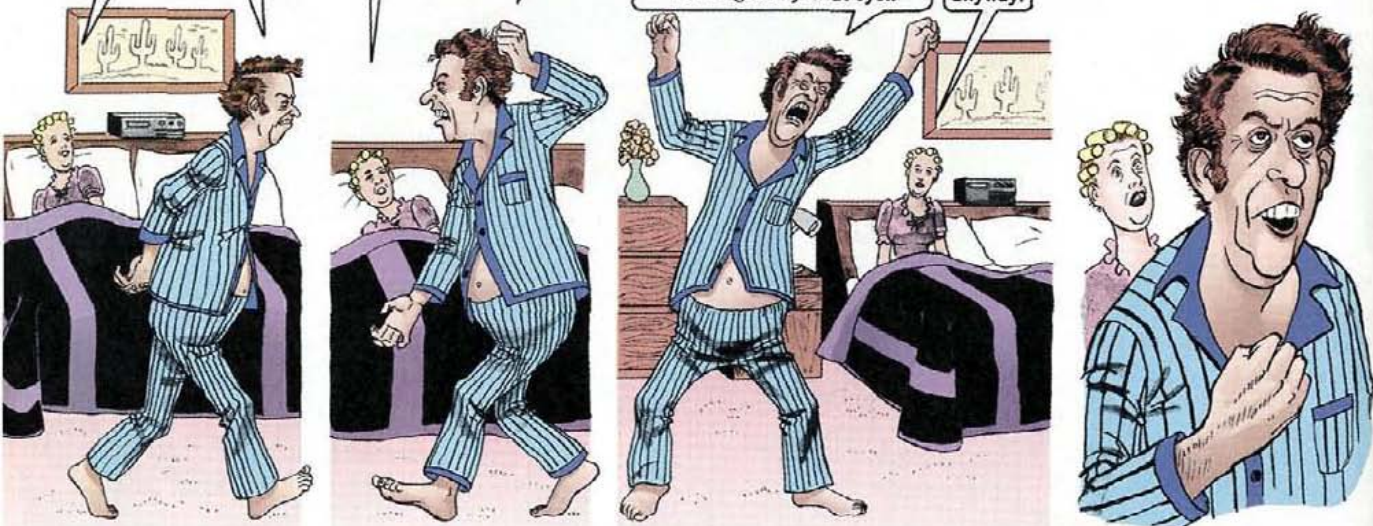
What's eating you tonight?

It's that damn Boss of mine! He gets me so boiling MAD!

He keeps bugging me all day long! Hounding me! **Hounding me!!** Then, when comes time to go to bed, I'm so full of "I should've said—I!" that I can't get any shut-eye!!

What's he got against you, anyway?

He says I **KEEP FALLING ASLEEP ON THE JOB!!**

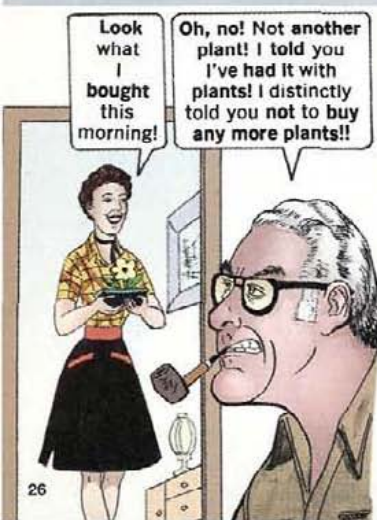
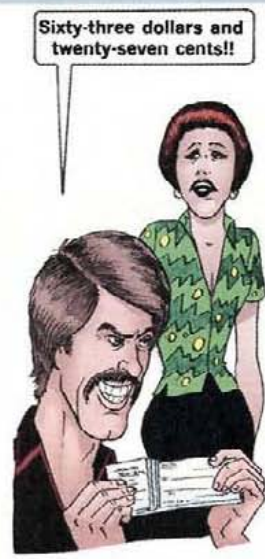




REACTING

ARTIST & WRITER: DAVE BERG





Did you see the **WEATHER?! Of all the rotten, crummy luck!!**



After we made all those big plans to have a backyard **Bar-B-Que** with your whole family, **THIS** has to happen!



Listen to me, rain clouds! **I CURSE you!** Listen to me, howling winds! **A POX on you!**



What are you raving about?!? The weather is magnificent! It's **PERFECT** for an outdoor get-together with my whole family!



That's what I **MEAN!!** Why couldn't it have **STORMED ... or SOMETHING?!?**

Hey, I went to Kindergarten yesterday, Daddy! It was lots of fun!

That's right! School **DID** open yesterday! I'm glad that you liked it!



Speaking of school, you'd better get a move on! The bus will be here soon!

WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?!?



I'm talking about school!! You're going to be late!!

ARE YOU A CRAZY LADY OR SOMETHIN'?! I'M NOT GOING TO NO SCHOOL!!



I DID THAT BIT ALREADY!!



Hmmph! It's about time! So you finally decided to come home!!

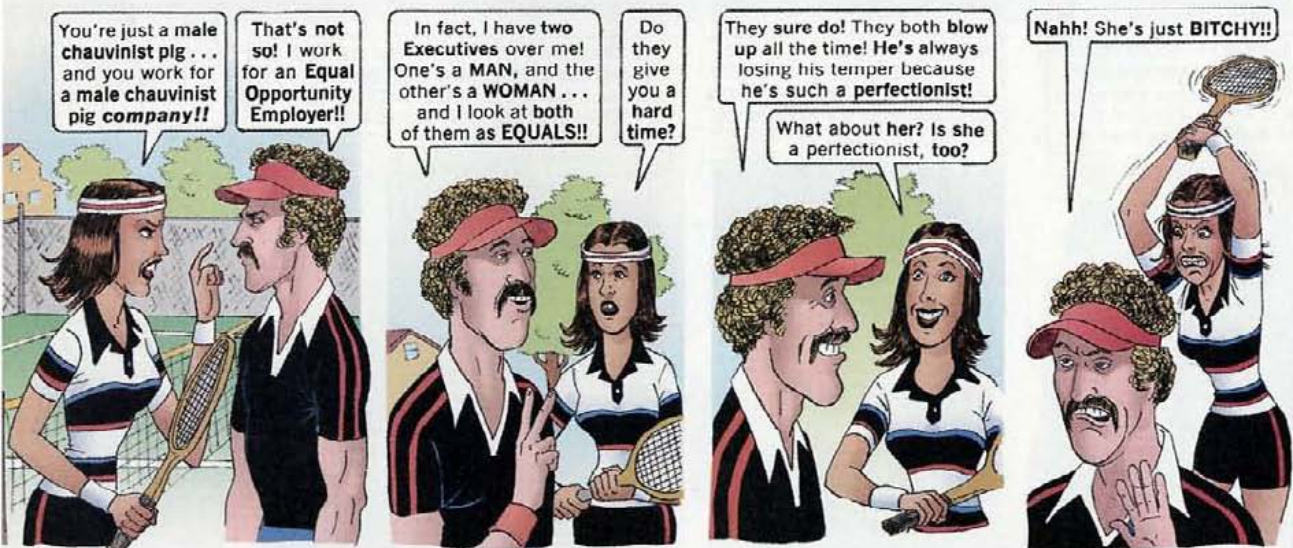
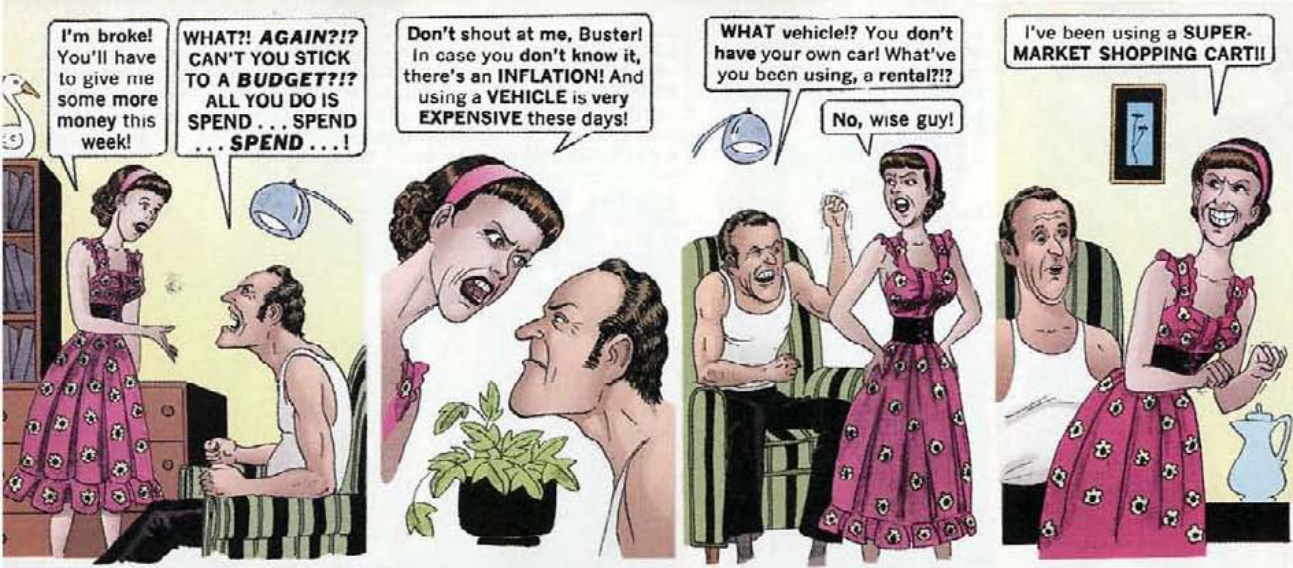


YOU COULD HAVE AT LEAST CALLED! YOU HAVE ABSOLUTELY NO REGARD FOR THE FEELINGS OF OTHER PEOPLE!

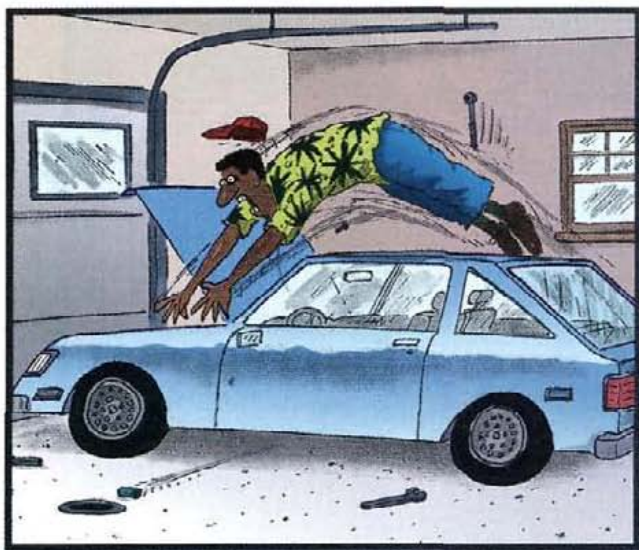


YOU DON'T EVEN CONSIDER ME TO BE A PERSON! AS FAR AS YOU'RE CONCERNED, I'M JUST ANOTHER PIECE OF FURNITURE IN THIS HOUSE!









The more you paid for a socket wrench, the faster it will roll towards the garage floor drain when dropped.

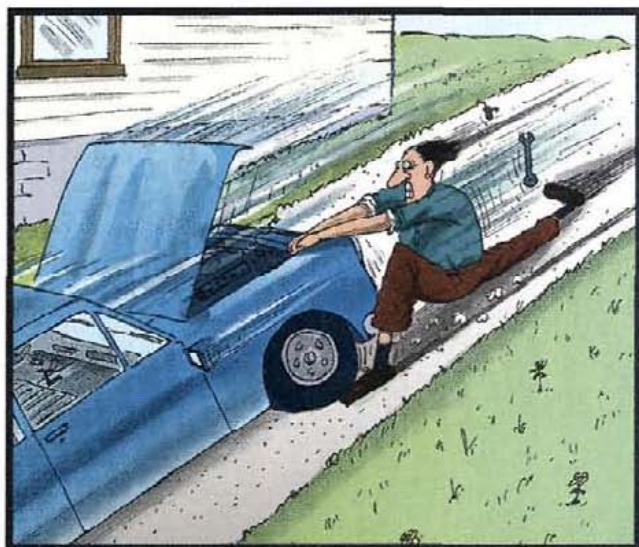


A tire that goes flat on a high-speed expressway will always be located on the driver's side of the car.

AS A PUBLIC SERVICE, MAD IS OFFERING SOME TIPS FOR ALL YOU AUTO ENTHUSIASTS WHO LIKE TO PUT ON YOUR COVERALLS, GET UNDER THE HOOD



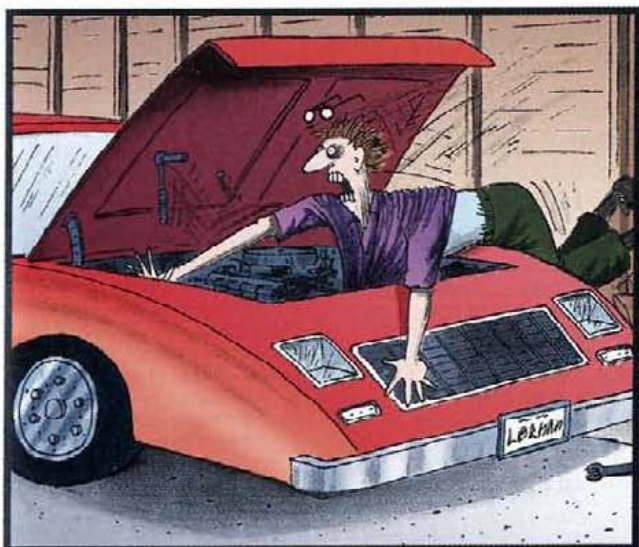
ARTIST AND WRITER: TOM CHENEY



Virtually any part you remove from a car parked on a sloped driveway will be directly connected to the emergency brake system.



An airbag that fails to inflate during a collision will always inflate when you attempt to carry it back to the auto parts store in your pocket.



A part that can only be adjusted while the engine is running will always be located one inch or less from a spinning fan belt.



A horn that never works will refuse to shut itself off if you attempt to repair it after 2:00 a.m.

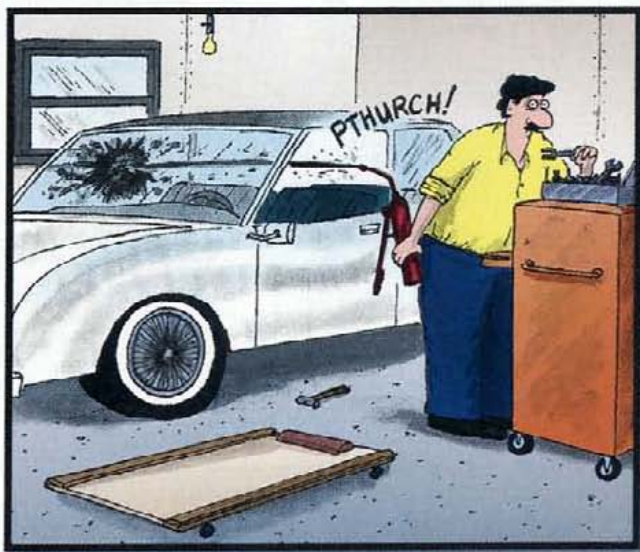
AND GIVE IT THE OL' LUBE JOB...AND PEOPLE WHO LIKE TO FIX CARS, TOO! SO, IF YOU WANT TO ADD NEW'SPARK TO THOSE PLUGS, MAKE SURE YOU KNOW...

WAYS OF CAR REPAIR

When you traveled to England last month you decided to pull out all the stops and go first class — so you had beef for dinner every night...Aren't you the genius!



The least expensive and most frequently replaced part on your car can never be reached without first removing the entire engine.



A grease gun will never accidentally discharge, unless it's pointed at an open car window.

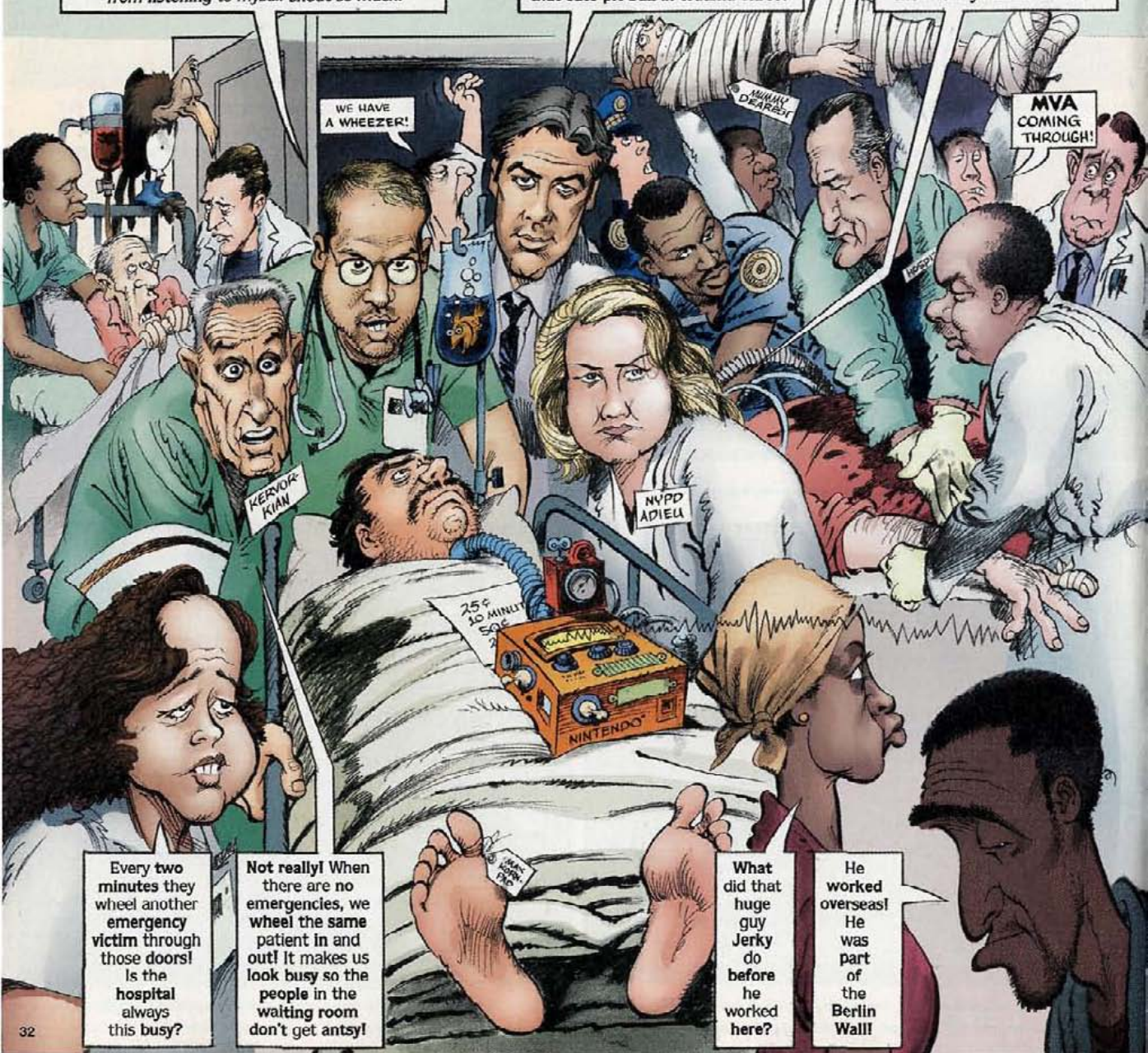
In the '60s, TV gave us cute caring doctors like Ben Casey and Dr. Kildare. In the '70s, Marcus Welby M.D., kind and fatherly. And in the '80s, it was the wacky but lovable gang at St. Elsewhere. But this is the '90s. Health care reform is dead. And nowhere is it deader than on NBC's new hospital drama. In this medical zoo, patients check in sick and they leave the place...

Sick

I'm Doctor Mark Screami! I'm very good at yelling out orders to help keep this hectic, understaffed hospital going! I'll show you what I mean!
Put the kid who stopped a shotgun blast with his chest in Trauma One! Put the guy who had a fight with a pit bull in Trauma Two! Put the pit bull in Trauma Three! Put up new wallpaper in O.R. 7! And get me an ear specialist! I think I just blew out an eardrum from listening to myself shout so much!

I'm Doctor Loss, the beefcake pediatrician! I not only deliver babies, I personally help as many women as I can conceive them! My bedside manner includes getting in bed with E.R. patients! And, if it's a slow day, well, there's always the nurses, the aides, the ladies who work in the hospital cafeteria and that cute pit bull in Trauma Three!

I'm Doctor Lose-It, my specialty is delving into the emotional side of a patient's problems! Don't be fooled by my monotone delivery and good looks! I've had extensive experience dealing with thieving, self-destructive, psycho types — mainly me and my wacko sister!



WE HAVE A WHEEZER!

KERNOR KIAN

NYPD ADIEU

MVA COMING THROUGH!

Every two minutes they wheel another emergency victim through those doors! Is the hospital always this busy?

Not really! When there are no emergencies, we wheel the same patient in and out! It makes us look busy so the people in the waiting room don't get antsy!

What did that huge guy Jerky do before he worked here?

He worked overseas! He was part of the Berlin Wall!

ER



ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER WRITER: DICK DEBARTOLO

I'm Doctor Bedpan! I may be gruff on the surface, but on the inside I'm vicious and cruel, too! It's only after you get to know me that you discover I also have a soft, fascist side!

I'm Carole Passedaway, R.N. — Registered Neurotic! I serve a dual role in this hospital! I'm equally dedicated to helping my patients and killing myself! Problem is, I keep getting the two confused! I've put the lights out on 6 patients just today! Meanwhile, I feel fine!

I'm Jerky the orderly! I know where every syringe, bedpan and Q-tip is! The only thing I can't keep track of in this place are the patients and their medical records!

I'm Doctor Carver, the lowest member on the medical team and sort of a medical screw-up! The other doctors joke that I'm a perfect candidate for a malpractice suit! But I prefer wearing jeans and sneakers!

WE NEED SOME STERI-STRIP!

I THOUGHT YOU MET A RICH DOCTOR!

Scotch tape —
Scotch tape??

I'm in a hurry, all right??

LOOKS LIKE A CASE OF GRAY MATTER.

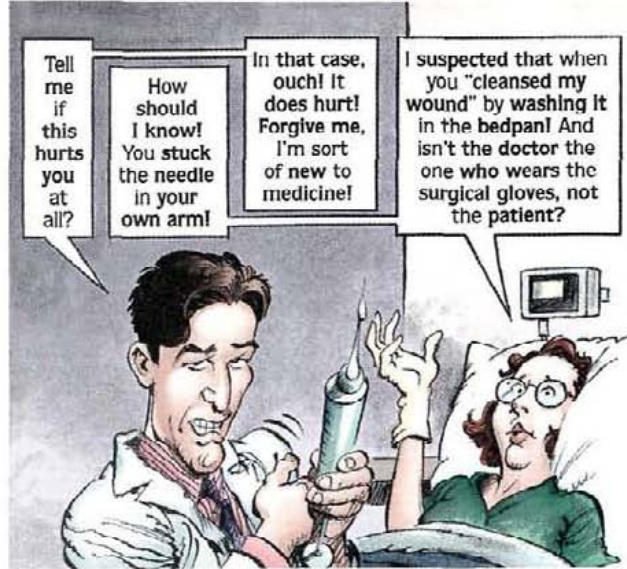
STAT! STAT!

MEDIC! MEDIC!

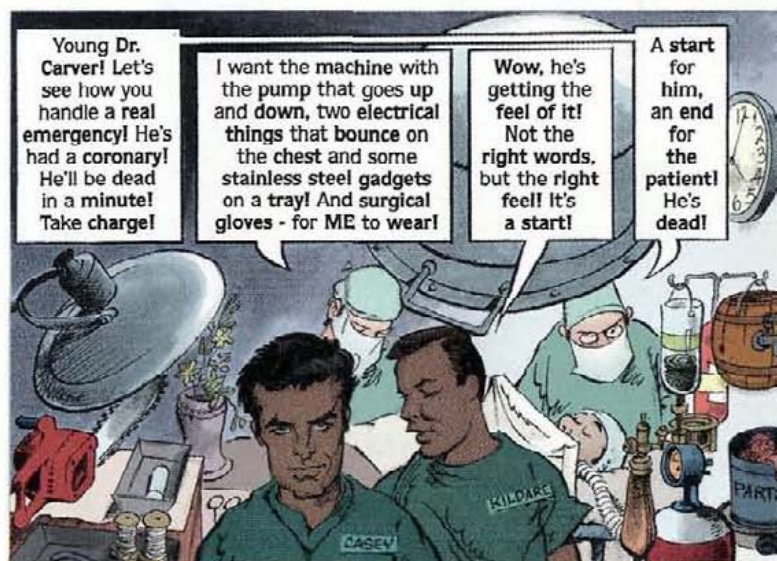
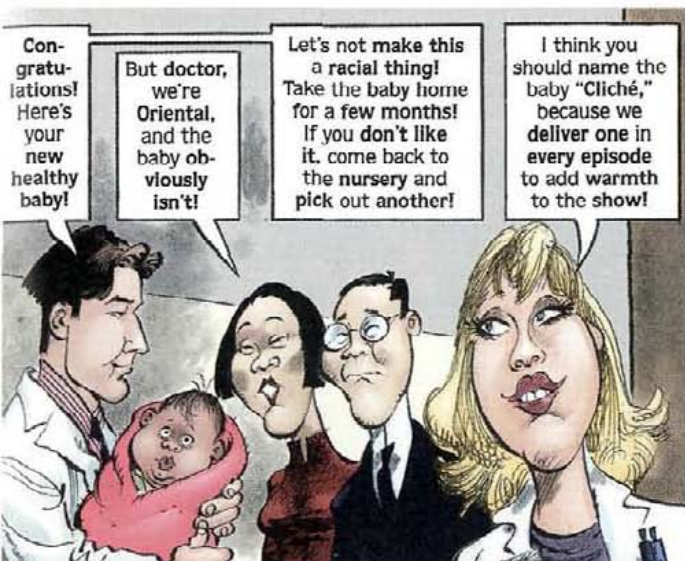
PARADOXICAL PULSE
↓

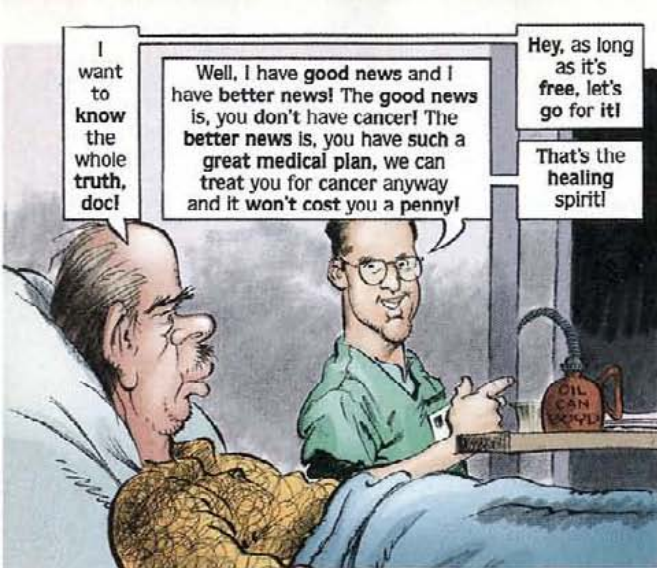
MORT DRUCKER

FONG SHUN



Between O.J.'s lawyers and the L.A. prosecutors, the public's perception of lawyers as a vipers' nest of money-sucking, egomaniacal sewer slugs is only confirmed... So What's the Problem?



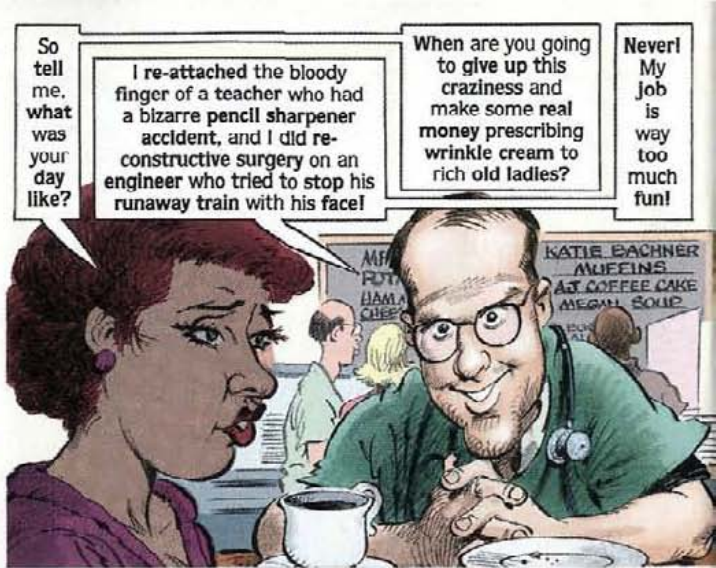


I want to know the whole truth, doc!

Well, I have good news and I have better news! The good news is, you don't have cancer! The better news is, you have such a great medical plan, we can treat you for cancer anyway and it won't cost you a penny!

Hey, as long as it's free, let's go for it!

That's the healing spirit!



So tell me, what was your day like?

I re-attached the bloody finger of a teacher who had a bizarre pencil sharpener accident, and I did reconstructive surgery on an engineer who tried to stop his runaway train with his face!

When are you going to give up this craziness and make some real money prescribing wrinkle cream to rich old ladies?

Never! My job is way too much fun!



My wife wants me home more, but quite frankly, I can't go!

Do you like it here that much?

No, it's been so long since I've gone home, I can't remember the address, and I'm too embarrassed to ask!

Why is he swallowing all of those medications?

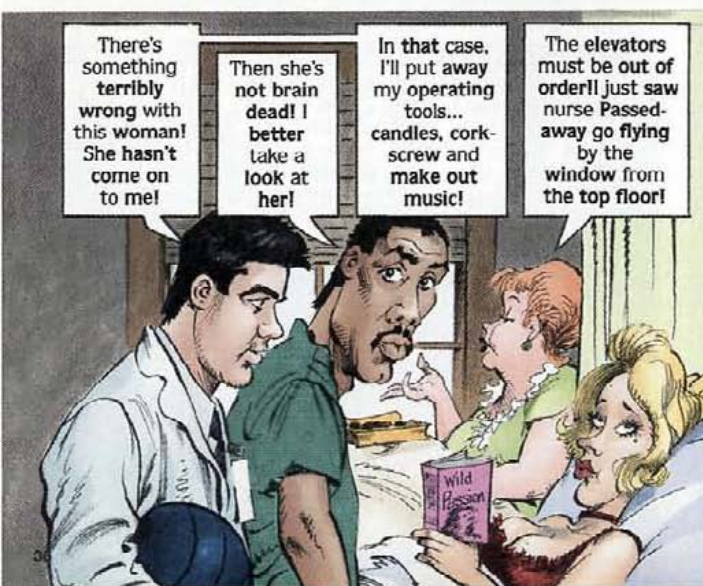
Research! He's trying to figure out exactly how many pills I'll need to take to O.D. for good this time!



I've got to get some sleep! Wake me at 6:30!

But it's already 6:40!

Then I better get up! That was a good nap! Strangely, I feel refreshed!



There's something terribly wrong with this woman! She hasn't come on to me!

Then she's not brain dead! I better take a look at her!

In that case, I'll put away my operating tools... candles, corkscrew and make out music!

The elevators must be out of order! I just saw nurse Passed-away go flying by the window from the top floor!



We need every doctor in the hospital on duty immediately! There's a major disaster involving dozens of people!

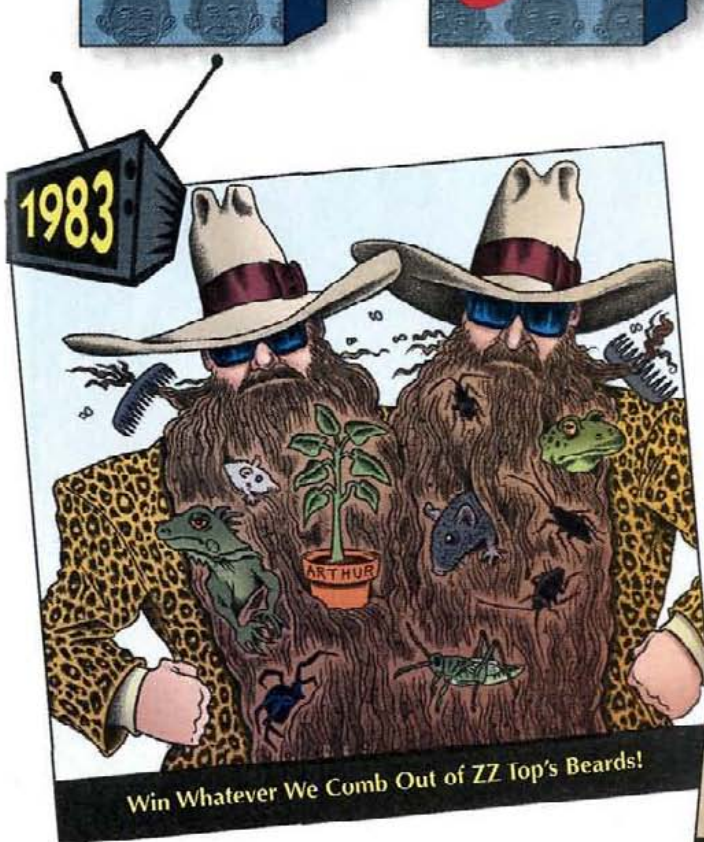
Another airline crash?

No, it's the cast of *Chicago Hope*! They're slipping fast! If they don't get revived by appearing on a hot medical show like this one, they're goners!

Forget it! They're dead! Some things are even beyond modern TV medicine!

When you think of MTV, what immediately comes to mind? Great videos? Umm...not lately! Clever game shows? Never! Cheesy contests? Bingo! Who in their cotton-pickin' mind thinks up their lame promotions? Win Bon Jovi's dilapidated old house! Win Michael Jackson's guitar! (Yecch! Who wants to touch anything of his?) And those are two of their better ideas! If you want to know the really bad ones, then put down that remote control and read...

THE WORST MTV CONTESTS OF ALL TIME



1985



Scrub George Michael's Fleet of Limos with the Other Guy from Wham!

1986



Go Shopping for Your Spring Wardrobe with Cyndi Lauper!

1990



Get Six Months of Singing Lessons from Milli Vanilli!

1989



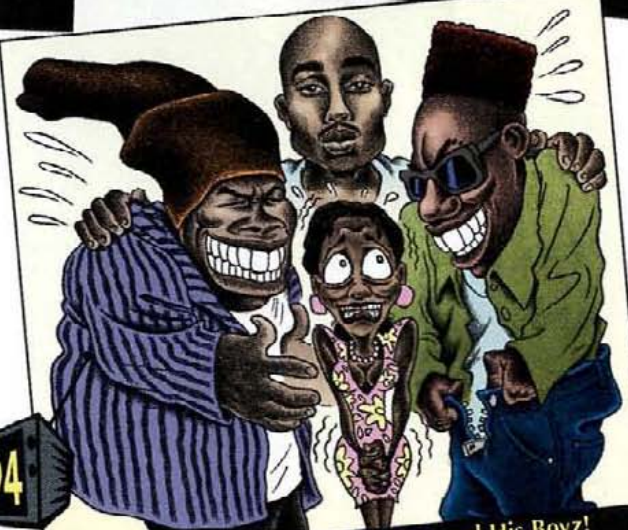
Play Connect-the-Track-Marks with Axl Rose!

1993

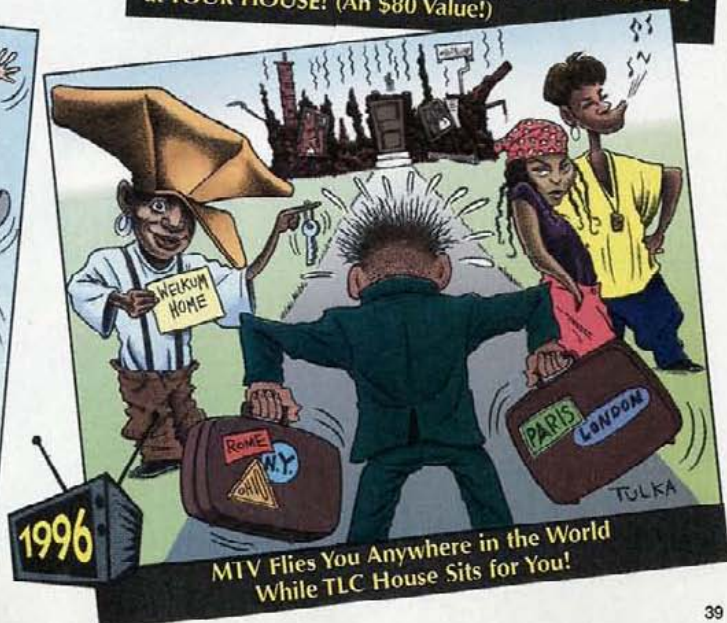
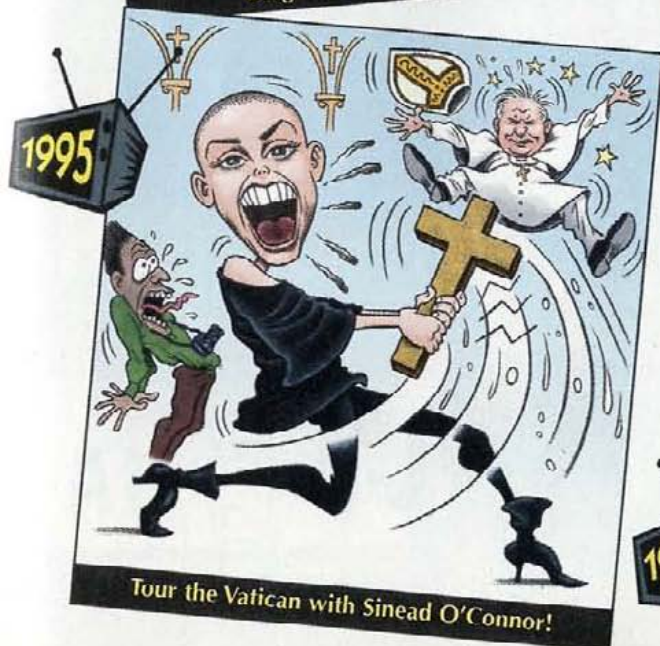
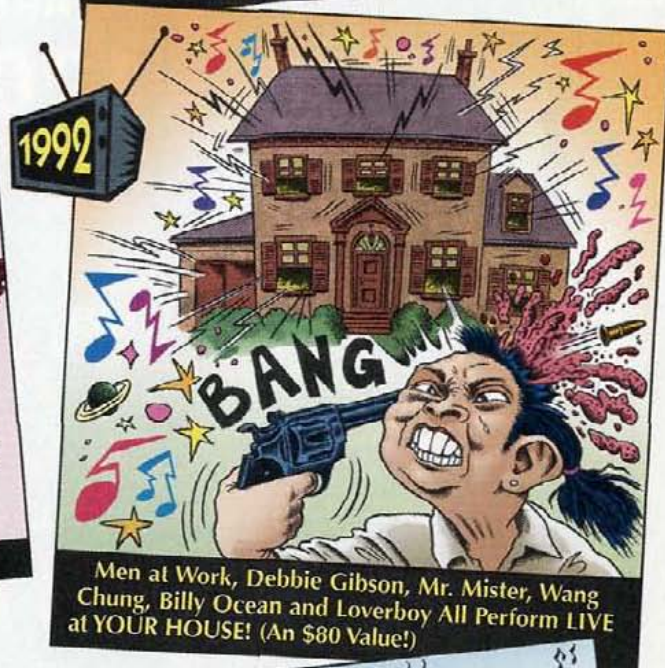
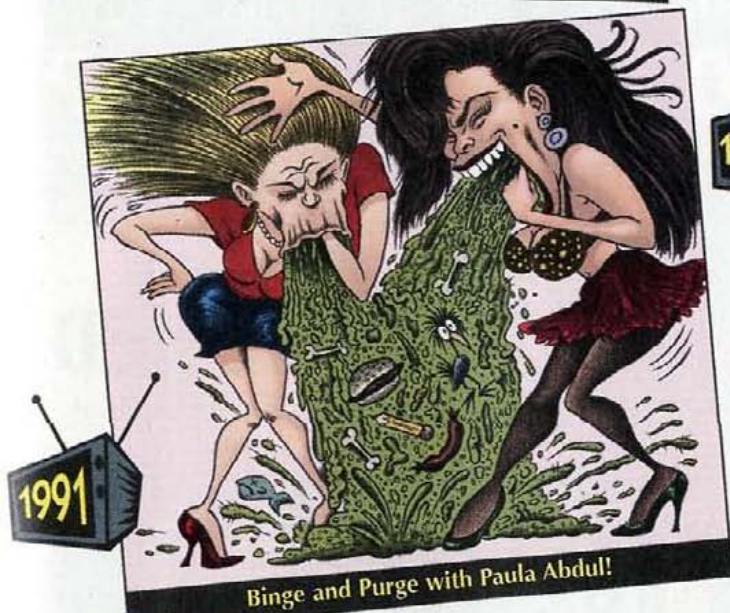


Mariah Carey Will Be Your Personal Car Alarm for One Week!

1994



Go on a Dream Date with 2Pac and His Boyz!



STATE LICENSE PLATE MOTTOS WE'D LIKE TO SEE

ALABAMA

IC1-NOW

THE UFO SIGHTING STATE

ARIZONA

120°F

THE HEAT PROSTRATION STATE

CONNECTICUT

5:36 EXP

WHERE THE SMART NY WORK FORCE LIVES

MISSISSIPPI

4I4S2PS

THE MOST OFTEN MISPELLED STATE

TEXAS

1-2-3 HIKE

PLAY FOOTBALL OR DIE!

FLORIDA

ZON-KED

AMERICA'S DRUG DEALER

MICHIGAN

4-GET-74-77

EMBARRASSED HOME STATE OF GERALD FORD

CALIFORNIA

EGO-MN-E-X

THE SERIAL KILLER STATE

NORTH CAROLINA

WL-GOLLY

HOME OF GOMER, GOOBER AND JESSE HELMS

KANSAS

TOTO-2

THE NOT MUCH SINCE THE
WIZARD OF OZ MOVIE STATE

NEVADA

LVME 10DR

LAND OF 10,000 ELVIS IMPERSONATORS

NEW JERSEY

ARG-GGH

FIRST IN TOXIC WASTE

WASHINGTON DC

\$1000\$000 ETC

WASTING YOUR MONEY SINCE 1810

MASSACHUSETTS

OW-A CAH

THE GOOFY ACCENT STATE

HAWAII

L-O HA

FRUITY UMBRELLA COCKTAIL WONDERLAND

Have you ever wondered why some poor shlub who tries to declare his 40-inch TV as a business expense ends up arguing with his cellmate over who gets to be the wife, while billion-dollar companies like U.S. Steel and Exxon get their tax refunds personally hand-delivered by the Secretary of the Treasury? Well, have you? Nah—knowing you, you're way too busy wondering what Darkwing Duck looks like naked! So we'll let you enjoy your own private mind-pluck, while you completely ignore...

YOU'RE A CROOK



YOU'RE A BUSINESSMAN

If you intimidate store owners into paying protection money with the threat that if they don't cough it up they just might lose everything
-You're A Crook



But if you happen to own a sports team, and treat an entire city the same way
-You're A Businessman

If you insist on an extra 25% charge for making sure that "nothing gets broke or lost"
-You're A Crook



But if you impose the same fee for handing out the concert tickets that a machine just spit out
-You're A Businessman

If you hire thugs and goons to bust a union
-You're A Crook



But if you hire Congressmen to do it
-You're A Businessman

If you run off bootleg dubs of popular albums, thereby cheating the musician of the \$12 that's rightfully his
-You're A Crook



But if your attorneys dream up a contract that pays the same musician about \$12 for every million albums he sells
-You're A Businessman

ROOKCROOKCROOKCROOK

If you break thumbs and crack kneecaps to make a buck
— You're A Crook



But if you sell a skateboard or rollerblades to every putz who comes into your store, so he can go out and do the job himself
— You're A Businessman

If you try to get someone to work for your company at less than the minimum wage
— You're A Crook



But if you put your company in Ryder vans and move it to a near-by country where you can hire a dozen workers for less than the cost of a can of Pepsi
— You're A Businessman

If you make cheap video copies of *Die Hard* and *Pulp Fiction* to sell on the corner or at shady street fairs
— You're A Crook



But if you produce cheap rip-offs of those films to sell in actual video stores
— You're A Businessman

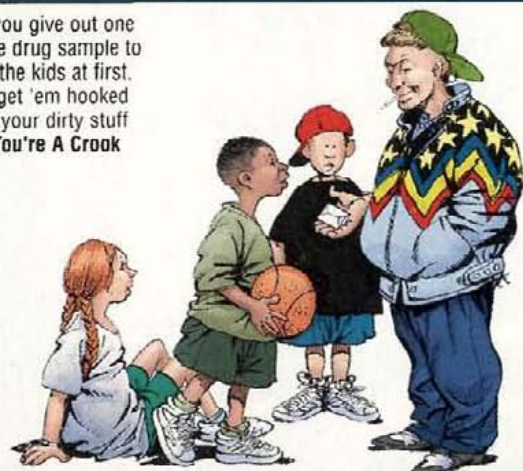
If your business involves loaning people free money, but making them cough up outrageous interest rates if they're even one second late in paying
— You're A Crook



But if you're the president of Visa, Discover or American Express
— You're A Businessman

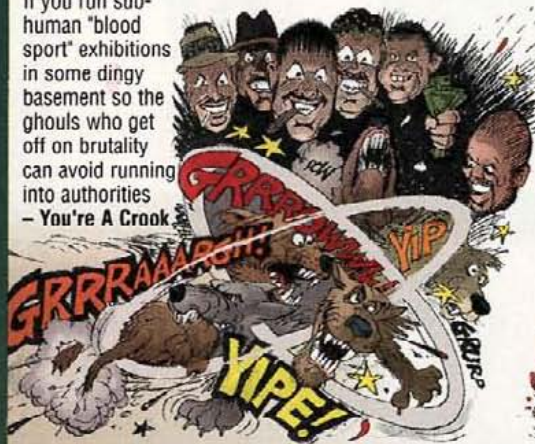
BUSINESSMANBUSINESSMAN

If you give out one free drug sample to all the kids at first, to get 'em hooked on your dirty stuff
— You're A Crook



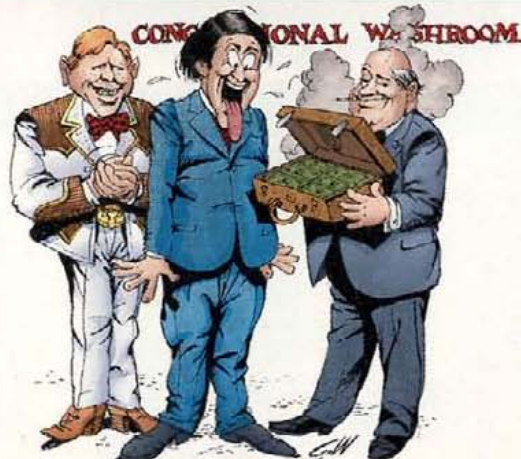
But if you de-scramble the Disney Channel for just one weekend, to get those brats to scream until Mom and Dad pony up the 10 bucks a month
— You're A Businessman

If you run sub-human "blood sport" exhibitions in some dingy basement so the ghouls who get off on brutality can avoid running into authorities
— You're A Crook



But if you call the whole thing the "Ultimate" something-or-other and put it on pay-per-view
— You're A Businessman

If you slip a few dollars to the right people to make sure nobody gets too interested in those unpaid parking tickets
— You're A Crook

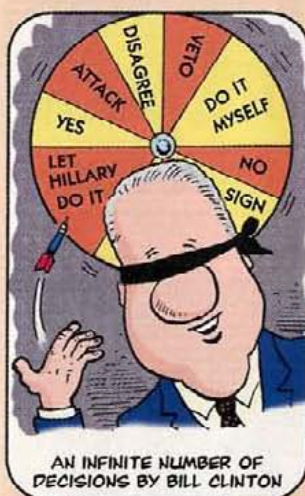


But if you slip a few million dollars to the people who can make sure nobody sees those pesky research papers that show how your cigarettes cause cancer
— You're A Businessman

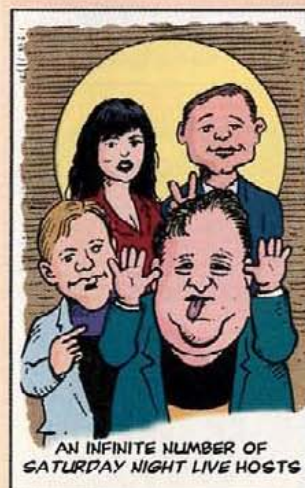
It is said that if you take an infinite amount of monkeys, sit them down at an infinite amount of typewriters and let them bash away for the rest of infinity, at least one of them will create *Hamlet*. (Surprisingly, you'll also get 106 usable *Baywatch* scripts!) This timeless puzzle intrigued us so much that we decided to ask one of our monkeys to sit down and pound a typewriter for a little less than infinity (okay, half an hour), and he came up with these...

Other INTERESTING INFINITY COMBINATIONS

ARTIST: TOM BUNK WRITER: DESMOND DEVLIN



The occasional high-profile lunatic has forced law-abiding gun owners to wait for up to 120 hours before buying their wares...*So What's the Problem?*





AN INFINITE NUMBER OF NEWSPAPER READERS



TURNING TO AN INFINITE NUMBER OF COMICS PAGES



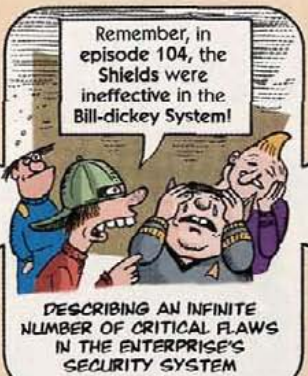
TO LOOK AT AN INFINITE NUMBER OF ZIGGY STRIPS



WILL PRODUCE ONE READER WHO SMILES...ALMOST



AN INFINITE NUMBER OF RABID TREKKIES



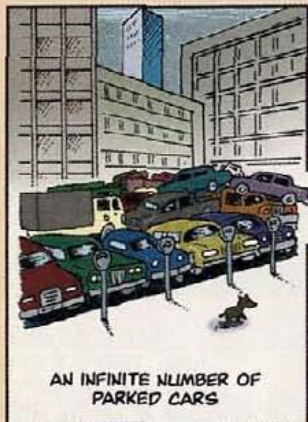
DESCRIBING AN INFINITE NUMBER OF CRITICAL FLAWS IN THE ENTERPRISE'S SECURITY SYSTEM



AND ALSO DESCRIBING AN INFINITE NUMBER OF KLINGON VERB CONJUGATIONS



WILL PRODUCE ONE WHO CAN ALSO DESCRIBE THE CARESS OF A WOMAN



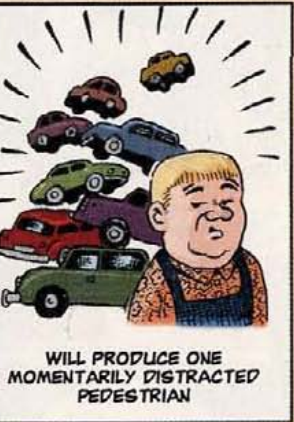
AN INFINITE NUMBER OF PARKED CARS



ON AN INFINITE NUMBER OF BIG CITY STREETS



WITH AN INFINITE NUMBER OF BLARING CAR ALARMS



WILL PRODUCE ONE MOMENTARILY DISTRACTED PEDESTRIAN



AN INFINITE NUMBER OF PHONE CALLS



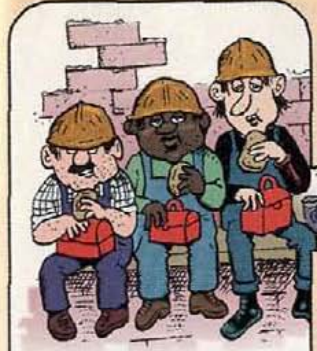
PLACED FROM AN INFINITE NUMBER OF MOVING CARS



FROM AN INFINITE NUMBER OF CELLULAR PHONES



WILL PRODUCE ONE AUDIBLE, STATIC-FREE CONVERSATION



AN INFINITE NUMBER OF CONSTRUCTION WORKERS



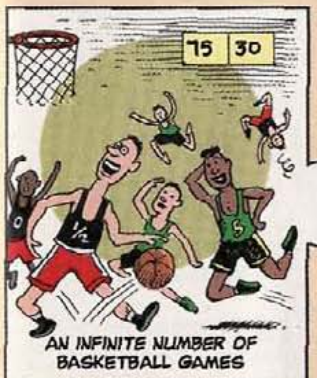
MAKING AN INFINITE NUMBER OF WET SMACKING SOUNDS



AT AN INFINITE NUMBER OF PASSING WOMEN



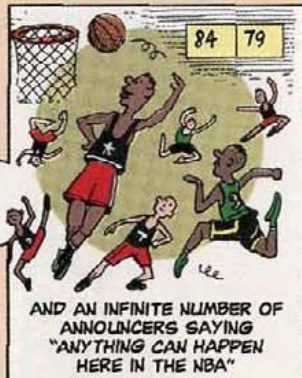
WILL PRODUCE ONE HAPPY MARRIAGE



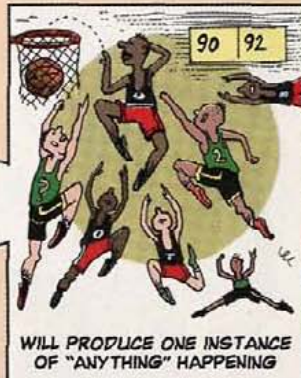
AN INFINITE NUMBER OF BASKETBALL GAMES



WITH AN INFINITE NUMBER OF THIRD QUARTER 75-30 SCORES



AND AN INFINITE NUMBER OF ANNOUNCERS SAYING "ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN HERE IN THE NBA"



WILL PRODUCE ONE INSTANCE OF "ANYTHING" HAPPENING



AN INFINITE NUMBER OF TOBACCO INDUSTRY SPOKESPEOPLE



TESTIFYING BEFORE AN INFINITE NUMBER OF SENATE SUBCOMMITTEES



ON AN INFINITE NUMBER OF PROPOSED TAXES OR REGULATIONS



WILL PRODUCE ONE ADMISSION THAT TOBACCO MAY NOT BE QUITE AS GOOD FOR YOU AS MOTHER'S MILK



AN INFINITE NUMBER OF WRESTLING PAY-PER-VIEW SPECIALS



FEATURING AN INFINITE NUMBER OF BLUSTERY INTERVIEWS



WITH AN INFINITE NUMBER OF "MACHO MEN"

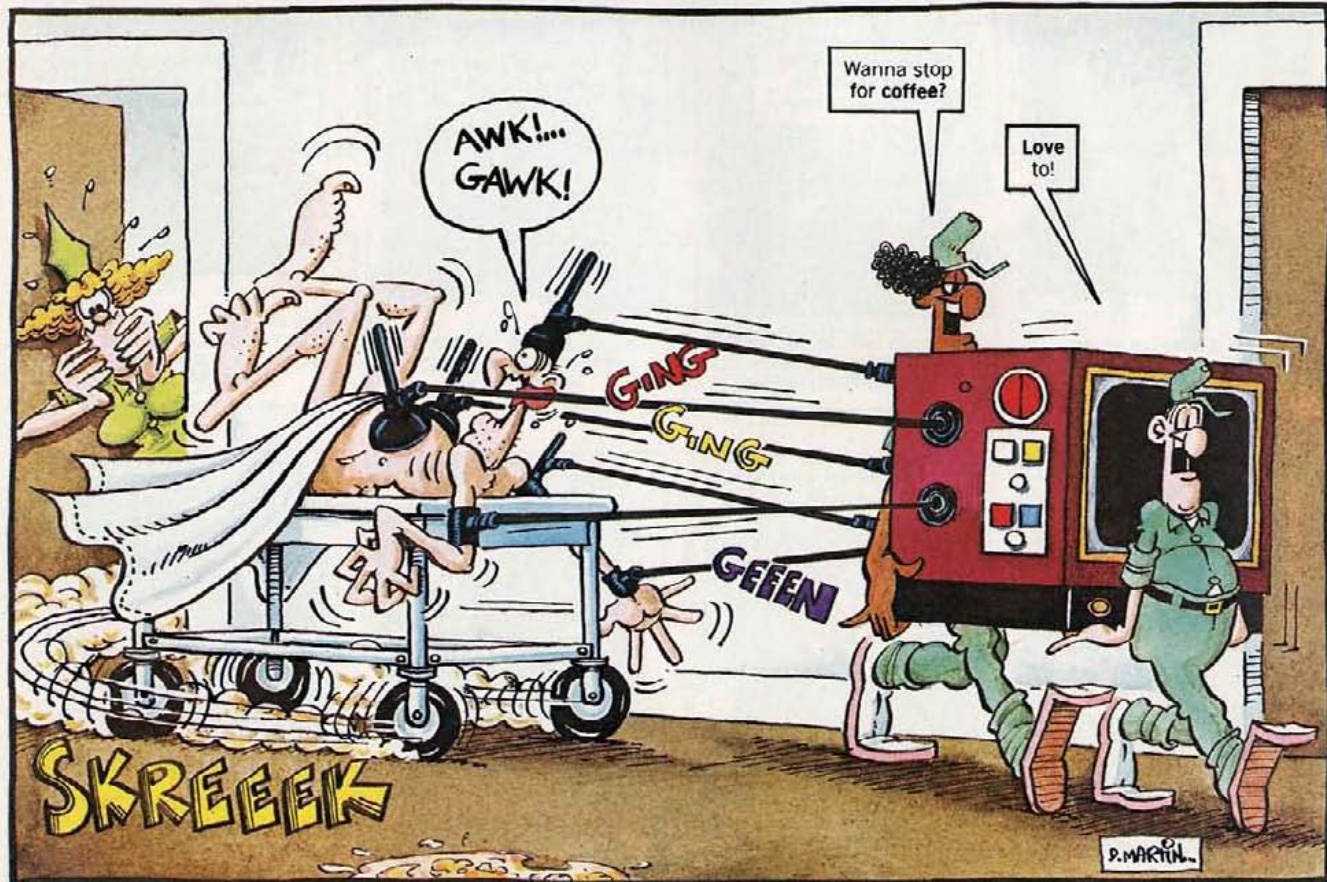


WILL PRODUCE ONE INTERVIEW THAT DOES NOT END WITH AN "OH, YEAHHH!"

ONE DAY ON THE SIXTH FLOOR



WRITER: DON EDWING



**WHAT DOES A
COLLEGE
DEGREE
STILL ASSURE
TODAY'S
GRADUATES?**

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS **MAD FOLD-IN**

Let's face it, the years spent in college basically add up to four years of keg parties with a little studying thrown in! But life after graduation means touring Europe, getting a job and living on your own. To find out what else today's graduates have to look forward to, fold page in as shown.



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A ▶

FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT

◀ B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"

BASIC LEARNING IS ABILITY TO THINK



**DECORATED COLLEGE CAMPUSES BRING GREAT PARADES
OF PARENTS AND GRADUATES TO ENJOY THE SATISFYING
CEREMONIES. BUT THE REALLY EXCITING PAYOFF A STUDENT
LOOKS FOR IS A FINANCIALLY REWARDING LIFESPAN**

A ▶

◀ B



CORN GONE WRONG



CORNNUTS.COM



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